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SCENES AND STORIES OF THE HUDSON.

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THE SPOOK VISITOR,

A LEGEND OF THE HIGHLANDS.

OUR hero, upon again recovering his senses, was very naturally much disconcerted to find himself a drowned man, and ushered suddenly into the company of a hundred others who had been overtaken by the same fate at different places along the Hudson in years gone by. They now kept commons in the pass by West Point, that being the deepest, and to them most commodious place in the river ; but, as Ba'ant soon learnt, they enjoyed the jail-liberties of every part of the noble stream, from its sources to the ocean.

The company, now assembled, was rather various than select ; but incongruity of character appeared to be no bar to social feeling among The Drowned of the Hudson. In one corner a Mohickander chief, whose canoe had been upset by a chance shot from Hendrick Hudson's artillery, was playing back-gammon with one of Hendrick's own sailors, who had fallen from the yard-arm on his voyage down the river. In another, an English buccaneer, whose iron corselet had carried him to the bottom as he stepped off a plank one stormy night while landing merchandize from a plundered galleon at Powles Hook, was flirting with a buxom Bergen market-woman, whose pung had broken through the ice, where the deep current along the Jersey shore had swept her hither ; while in a third, one of Frontenac's French gallants, that slipped over Glen's Falls while reconnoitering them by moonlight, was smoking a pipe with old Antony Van Corlaer, who was absent upon leave from his quarters at the bottom of Lake Champlain. A sentimental Swede,

who had drowned himself in the Kills out of pure love for Governor Risingh, was playing at chuck-farthing with a grim Spaniard, who had met his fate at Captain Kidd's yard-arm off Sandy Hook, and with a score of the Captain's own ruffling camerados completed an assemblage, wherein, though every nation of Europe was represented, yet all conversed in exceeding good Dutch.

The social appearance of the whole circle, with the companionable air of each individual member, delighted our hero exceedingly. He slapped the Swede on the shoulder with the heartiness of an old acquaintance, shook hands with the Englishman, bowed to the Frenchman, exchanged a grunt with the Indian, and, finally, lighted his pipe at the Dutchman with the air of a man who was sure of his welcome, and felt himself at once perfectly at home.

The smell of the kitchen next attracted Van Tromp's attention; and there, besides the finest salmon, which at that time abounded in the river, he found trout from the Matteawan and Waha-manessing, Walkill eels, Croton bass, and other varieties of the finny, crustaceous, and moluscan tribes, boiled, grilled, and stewed, in the greatest profusion. Of meat, indeed, there was none, except some otter cutlets, which the Indian had provided for his own especial eating; a steak from a stray turtle, which are still sometimes taken in the mouth of the Hudson; and a few canvass-backs, which feed in the season around the coves of the creeks above the Highlands, and are quite equal in flavor to those shot on the Susquehannah. These last had all been pulled under while diving for water-cellery* by the cook, who wore a belt, neath which he clapped their necks when securing these valuable additions to his larder. As for liquor, and that of the best quality, Ba'ant found that it abounded in the subaqueous cellars. The holds of a hundred merchantmen had, at different times, been rummaged by the goblin wreckers to the great chagrin and disappointment of certain enterprizing worthies, who from time to time have often since sent down diving-bells to explore for red-seal and black-seal in various parts of the river.

Where there is wine, there is sure to be song; and our hero, after doing full justice to the various good things before him, wiped his mouth upon a napkin of woven eel-grass, and joined in the chorus, which a knot of drowned bacchanals were trolling near.

SONG OF THE DROWNED.

1.

Down, far down, in the waters deep,
Where the booming surges above us sweep,
Our revels from night till morn we keep:

* *Vallisnaria*. The plant upon which the Canvass-back feeds, and which abounds upon the flats of the Hudson.

And though with us the cup goes round
 Upon every shore where the blue waves sound,
 Yet here, as it passes from lip to lip,
 Alone is found true fellowship;
 For only the Dead, where'er they range,
 'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

2.

What boots your pledges, ye sons of Earth;
 Or to whom ye drink in your hours of mirth,
 When gathered around your festal hearth?
 Ye fill to love! and the toast ye give
 Will hardly the fumes of your wine outlive!
 To friendship fill! and its tale is told,
 Almost ere the pledge on your lip grows cold!
 For only the Dead, where'er they range,
 'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

3.

Then come, when the 'bolt of death is hurled,'
 Come down to us from that bleak, bleak world,
 Where the wings of Sorrow are never furled:
 Come, and we'll drink to the shades of the past;
 To the hopes that mocked in life to the last;
 To the lips and eyes we once did adore,
 And the loves that in death can delude no more!
 For the Dead, the Dead, wherever they range,
 'Tis only the Dead who never change.

The juxtaposition of lips and loves in this little Anacreontic, brought certain tender reminiscences into the moistening eyes of poor Van Tromp. He thought of his tight and trim little Manhattanese, with her plump boddice, and neat ankle and amplitude of petticoats above, who used to make his heart flutter as she tripped across the street before his window when flitting in and out from the neighboring houses, ripe and restless as a bob-link glancing from thicket to thicket in the mating season — He thought of the rival beaux, by whom she was probably now surrounded, when his attentions were cooled at the bottom of the river for ever; and when called upon for a solo, the company were not a little surprised to hear so unsentimental a looking personage pour forth a little Dutch ditty, which Mr. Thomas Haynes Bailey, had he the same access to the original that we have, would probably translate and entitle thus:

"THEY SAY THAT THOU ART ALTERED."

They say that thou art altered, Amy,
 They say that thou no more

Dost keep within thy bosom, Amy,
 The faith that once it wore;
 They tell me that another now
 Doth thy young heart assail;
 They tell me, Amy, too, that thou
 Dost smile on his love tale.

But I — I heed them not, my Amy,
 Thy heart is like my own;
 And still enshrined in mine, my Amy,
 Thine image lives alone:
 Whate'er a rival's hopes have fed,
 Thy soul cannot be moved
 Till he shall plead as I have plead,
 And love as I have loved.

A discontented young hunter, who had not as yet become reconciled to his banishment from field and forest, was next called upon, and indulged his repining in the following apostrophe —

TO THE HUDSON.

River! oh River! thou rovest free,
 From the mountain height to the fresh blue sea;
 Free thyself, but with silver chain
 Linking each charm of land and main.
 From the splintered crag thou leapest below,
 Through leafy glades at will to flow;
 Linger now by the steep's mossed edge;
 Loitering now 'mid the dallying sedge,
 But pausing only to call thy waves
 From grassy meadows and rock-ribbed caves,
 And then with a prouder tide to break
 From wooded valley to breezy lake —
 Yet all of these scenes, though fair they be,
 River! oh river! are banned to me!

A New-England schoolmaster, who, even at that early day, had found his way to Virginia, and acquired some of the tastes still prevalent in the Old Dominion, was engaged in compounding a potion, of which that state, from whom so many other great things have proceeded, claims to be the sole inventress; and, when called on in his turn, the pedagogue favored the company with the following classical account of —

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
 (And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt,)
 One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
 That his last butt of nectar somehow had run out!

But determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled while Venus looked on
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
But JULEPS the drink of immortals became,
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

Of the symposia that followed we have obtained no record, but what with drowning and drinking, our hero felt stiff and stupified when he awoke in the morning. The bright October sun was streaming down through the water, and the long river grass, upon which Ba'ant was reposing, seemed clothed with the hues of the rainbow as its feathery spears trembled upwards in the quivering light. Farther off, the channel of the river was paved with muscle shells, whose pearly lining showed like a carpet of silver tissue in the glistening wave. Still more remote, grottos of spar, whose encrusted pillars and crystalline fret-work had been swept hither from the limestone reigons, by which some of the tributaries of the Hudson are traversed, lifted their airy wreaths and frosted pinnacles; while cloisters of gloomy serpentine or isolated columns of basalt, which the eddies along the Palisades had swept up from below, were discernible in the dim distance.

The drowned, in the mean time, were loitering about in the spacious courts, and amusing themselves each as he listed. The Frenchman,

even at so early an hour, had found an antagonist at dominos while sipping his coffee off a marble slab which stood in a recess. The Spaniard lay twirling his mustachios in the soft sunshine. The Englishmen were betting at bowls and shuffle-board, and drinking rum punch; while the Indians and Dutchmen, pipe in mouth, looked quietly on. As for the females, having no husband or children here to care about, their happiness seemed to be complete in making knick-knacks *ad libitum* for a fair in aid of a mission to Sputendeyvil Creek, the Devil's-danskammer, or some other satanic and heathenish place along the river. Some of the more elderly ones, however, passed their time full as agreeably in teaching some youngsters to waltz, who in return

"Taught them the guitar and other fooleries."

The scene was one after Ba'ant's own heart, nor did he find that it lost its charm upon repetition from day to day. There was, indeed, mighty little conversation going on among the water-wraiths; but this gave our hero a full opportunity of exhibiting his social powers to the best advantage. He had a happy knack of telling a story, and a power of mimicry which enabled him to take off his contemporaries in a manner that would have delighted every one but themselves, and, like others who have this turn for anecdote and faculty of imitation, he would never let his gifts rust from lying idle.

It was not long, however, before Ba'ant's stock of stories began to run out; and his hearers somehow would tire of them after listening patiently to the same thing for the twentieth time. He had a habit, too, of taking his friends by the button whenever and wherever he met them; and no matter what might be the first observation suggested, or however his victim, like some hapless insect pinned by an entymologist, might writhe under the infliction, he would still insist upon boring him with some story, which he was determined should be in point to what had been spoken. The consequence was that, though by no means personally disliked, our hero was so much avoided, that he was finally almost placed in Coventry by the good society of the place. He pined and became miserable. His situation was unendurable to one of his social habits; and at length, partly out of compassion for him and partly from concern for themselves, the strict laws that prevail among water-wraiths were set aside to meet the occasion, and, contrary to all usages among the drowned, he was allowed to return to earth occasionally to recruit his spirits. Upon one only express condition, however, and this was that in order that he might not bring the lively circle

to which he belonged into disrepute as a community of bores, he was never to make his appearance among the living, except under the form and in the guise of some one who had not yet been disembodied. His power and privileges as a ghost enabled him easily to assume what shape and appearance he pleased, and the talent for mimicry, which had survived the mishap of drowning, allowed him to complete the condition upon which alone he could enjoy the society of the living.

Since that time, the appearance of Van Tromp upon earth is so common, that no one is better known in the neighborhood around West Point than *The Spook Visitor*; while the variety of forms under which it appears seems to set detection at defiance. On one day he will appear in a slouched hat and weather-beaten features, at the turnpike gate on the east side of the river, to delay the passing traveller with a moment's chat. On another you may see him as a genteel Southerner in black, flirting with a boarding-school girl on Cozzen's piazza. On a third he will hang around the steamboat-landing, under the form of a grotesque old woman picking up chips; while the chances are two to one, that the next time you see him it will be in the guise of a beautiful girl pulling a light skiff in the little bay that lies between the Grange and Spookinsel, right opposite Giez. The last is one of the most agreeable shapes he assumes, and he is partial to it; but if a singer chances to be in the neighborhood, the Spook visitor is certain to make frequent use of his character. At such a time he will usurp the voice of the stranger, and make the woods vocal with his music. At night particularly, the echoing cliffs resound with his madrigals; and that after an unearthly fashion, that has brought the neighborhood into no good repute with the shoals of retired tradesmen and fortunate speculators, who have taken to building villas along the shore, making a great 'Broadway' of the mighty river. He delights especially, however, to hang around the old mansions of the Hudson; and often, when he pours through some embowered window his soft serenade, the notes will flit around beauty's casement, and then float off upon the tide so fitfully and Ariel-like, that it is almost impossible to catch either the words or the music of a lay which, like that here given, sets the ordinary laws of composition at defiance.

SERENADE.

Sleeping! why now sleeping?
The moon herself looks gay,
While through thy lattice peeping;
Wilt not her call obey?
Wake, love, each star is keeping
For thee its brightest ray;

And languishes the gleaming
From fire-flies now streaming
Athwart the dewy spray.
Awake, the skies are weeping
Because thou art away.
But if of me thou 'rt dreaming,
Sleep, loved one, while you may;
And music's wings shall hover
Softly thy sweet dreams over,
Fanning dark thoughts away,
While, dearest, 'tis thy lover
Who 'll bid each bright one stay.

The Spook visitor is perhaps seen more often, however, under the form of a cadet, in which guise, in fact, he generally makes his calls at any agreeable house within a few miles of West Point; and always when the young gentleman whose appearance he assumes must necessarily be restricted to his quarters. In this shape he has more than once made some well remembered visits to places in the vicinity on either side of the river, whither a pair of bright eyes attracted him; while sometimes he has represented the tastes of the corps not quite so reputably by his share in certain riotings at a little rendezvous that formerly existed in the neighborhood of Butter-milk falls. He is now so well known, however, that no one's character suffers from his freaks in the regions hereabouts; and indeed his reputation is so light that it has more than once had to bear the blame for little *gaucheries*, which were, in fact, practised by some of the least civilized of the annual Board of Visitors to the Academy, but which, like every thing else that is strange, unaccountable, or of doubtful propriety, is always here laid to THE SPOOK VISITOR.

H.

SCENES IN IRELAND—KILLARNEY.

THE morning after my arrival in Killarney was one of extraordinary beauty; there had been a hard frost during the night, and the air was bracing but not unpleasantly cold, the sun rose brilliantly, and not a cloud was to be seen in the clear blue sky. It appeared to be the very day to enjoy scenery, and I willingly availed myself of the obliging offer of a gentleman whom I met at the breakfast table, who proposed that I should accompany him ten miles on the Kenmare road, where he was going, and which commanded the finest views; when he said he would put me in the way of reaching the celebrated Gap of Dunloe, and thus make the entire circuit of the lakes, taking in whatever was best worth seeing. Accordingly, mounted on a shaggy black pony, with a big stubborn head, short ears, a little starved body, and thick dropsical legs, together with a coat that had ever been a stranger to a currycomb, I started forward in company with my better mounted companion.

Passing Kenmare manor, and the long bridge by which the road is carried over the fine river Flesk, which here falls into the lakes, we came to a noble avenue of lime-trees, the pendant branches of which, now stripped of leaves, hung down in our path. On either hand were occasional villas and cottages, one or two of the last being in rustic taste, with thatched roofs. Our ride promised to be a delightful one; the sun shone brightly and genially, lighting up the still lake with a dazzling effulgence, revealing, with the most perfect distinctness, the islands of various form, that gave incident and beauty to its surface, together with the villas and plantations of its opposite shore, and tinging with golden light the outline of the mountains that rose frowning in our path, while their sides towards us lay buried in obscurity.

Passing Cloghereen and Mucruss, whose ruined tower peered forth from a grove of fine trees, many of them overrun with ivy and clothed with more than summer verdure, we continued at each succeeding ascent to catch a vista of the lake, at every change presenting itself in a new aspect, each as it seemed more lovely than the last. Trotting along at a brisk pace, we soon entered the defile between Turk and Mangerton, the former lying between us and the lake, and of course cutting us off for a season from its beauties. The form of Turk is most extraordinary, and it is as evidently volcanic as any mountain I have ever seen. Rising from the earth with the regularity of a vast dome, another of inferior dimensions is seen

planted on the top of the main body, to bespeak the work of a subsequent irruption ; while from the very summit ascends a small cone, to indicate the expiring effort of the volcano. Mangerton is also of volcanic form, as indeed are most of the group ; and its celebrated Punch Bowl is undoubtedly an extinct crater, similar to the unnumbered ones that abound on the side of *Ætna*. Mangerton is a very fine object in the scenery of the lakes ; it rises to an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet, though not the highest of the group, Carran Tual being nearly a thousand feet more elevated.

We had now entered an uninhabited forest, where all was solitude, except that we occasionally met a peasant driving a few donkeys laden with turf, or a woodman with his cart. The vegetation around was varied and luxuriant. In addition to the oak, beech, elm, and other forest trees of the land, there was an abundance of the most beautiful evergreens I had any where seen. Among them were hollies of great size, with polished and glistening leaves of deep green, interspersed with bright red berries, laurels and *laurustinus*, and the graceful *arbutus*, which hitherto I had only known as a garden plant, a mere bush, here growing with the greatest luxuriance as a tree. As it increases in size, its trunk becomes irregular and curled, and it bears an additional resemblance to a vine, in having no bark. It had leaves like those of the laurel in form, but smaller ; and pure white flowers, which, in places of more favorable exposure to the sun had given place to beautiful white drops, like the wax berries of our country, and they, in situations yet more favorable, had assumed the color, appearance, and taste of strawberries ; whence the additional name of strawberrytree, by which the *arbutus* is also known. The gorse was decked with its rich yellow flower, the fern continued still green, or had become yellow according to its sheltered or exposed situation ; and as the leaves still remained on the trees, exhibiting something of the rich tints of our own autumnal foliage, the blended effect of the whole was singularly attractive.

Having traversed this romantic defile, we came upon the shore of Turk Lake, and in view of the larger sheet of water of which we had partially made the circuit ; a cluster of wooded islets separated it from Glena Bay, from whose surface rose, sheer and steep, the noble mountain of that name ; its whole surface receiving a golden tinge from the decaying fern with which it was covered, while the heather at the summit crowned it with a purple halo. As we advanced towards the Upper Lake the glen became very narrow, and enclosed by precipitous mountains, along whose base the road was carried with great difficulty and at enormous expense, leaving vast masses of the strata, of singular form, hanging out of the perpendicular,

and perpetually threatening the traveller with annihilation. Here the Upper Lake, narrowed in its course as it seeks Turk, is converted into a brawling stream, whose chafing adds to the tumult of the scene. Opposite was the Purple Mountain; and the craggy side of the Eagle's Nest rose before us with almost perpendicular abruptness. To sanction the good taste which had thus named this inaccessible mountain, an eagle here came sweeping, circling, and screaming over our heads, as if waiting till we should be crushed by the toppling masses, to furnish him with a meal. The road thus passing abruptly through the face of the precipice, served to give increased effect to the impressions of sublimity and grandeur, which were the natural characteristics of the scene. Nor was mere beauty altogether wanting; for here, too, the luxuriant evergreens, the laurels, hollies, and arbutus, not only covered every untenanted spot, but fastening on crags and precipices, blended whatever was most graceful in nature with that which was forbidding and frightful.

Coasting the Upper Lake, we continued to wind up the steep side of the mountain in the direction of Kenmare. This lake is small, yet exceedingly beautiful; it is thickly studded with islands; and each object that attracts the attention in or about it, is in itself a picture. As we advanced, the road was perpetually crossing dashing streams, and occasionally brought us into view of cascades; and whenever we cast our eyes backward, the whole of the romantic scenery through which we had passed, lay blended in perspective at our feet. It might well lay claim to whatever beauty may be found in the happy arrangement of rocks, ravines, and mountains; water spread out calmly into lakes, gliding stealthily away in rivers, or, in torrents rushing madly to their doom, in the most infinite variety of the richest tints; all contemplated, too, under the brightening and consecrating influence of an effulgent sun. Never, indeed, did I feel more strongly the influence of nature invested with every attribute of loveliness and grandeur.

At the end of two or three hours we reached the building in process of being constructed for a police station. It was in a castellated style, with a tower at the two opposite angles looking towards the roads to Killarney and Kenmare, with loop-holes through them for musketry, commanding every approach to the house. The view from this neighborhood was admirable; the winding ravine along which we had ascended, might be traced, until the torrent that chafed at the bottom of its bed found a more quiet existence in the Upper Lake, these hemmed in below by the closing barriers of the Eagle's Nest, Glена, the Purple Mountain, and the precipices which rise abruptly in front of them, it again becomes a river, until the obstacles are passed in its sinuous course, and it once more expands into Turk

Lake, to be contracted again by a projecting headland, till at last it attains its maximum of size and beauty in the Lower Lake ; where, enclosed alternately by bold or gently sloping shores, on which is the pretty town of Killarney and many villas, dotted with countless islands of the most various forms, rendered yet more romantic in some instances by the ruins of castles and abbeys, it unfolds itself to the eye of the delighted beholder, invested with every species of beauty that imagination could suggest.

As the gentleman, who had so kindly been my guide thus far, proposed to terminate his ride in Kenmare instead of returning to Killarney, he interrupted one of the laborers at work on the building to conduct me to the entrance of the path which would lead me to the Gap of Dunloe, and thus back to Killarney by the opposite side of the lakes. I now set forward on foot to descend the mountain, in order to catch a path leading westward toward Tormies and the Reeks. My guide led me through brook and over bog ; at length he halted, and stretching forth his hand, said, " Now, sir, do ye see that lime-kiln across the canal ? " " Certainly. " " Secondly, the round hill by Lord Bandon's cottage ? " " Yes. " " Well, when you get there, they'll tell ye the way to the Gap of Dunloe ; it's a wild place, and ye must take care that the pony keeps to his legs ! " And here we parted, with many wishes on his part of good luck and long life. My road now led across a bog, which, preparatory to being reclaimed, had been intersected by drains some ten feet deep. Over these chasms the road was carried by means of rude log-bridges, which would have had a very insecure appearance in the wildest parts of my own country. On coming to the last of them, I was shocked to find the centre tree of three that composed it was broken down, and a heap of brush thrown into the hole thus left, to render delusive its treacherous character. What was to be done ? I could not go back over the road I had come, and thus lose entirely that Gap of Dunloe which had been described to me as so full of terror and sublimity. As an only resource, I dismounted, and eking the bridle out by means of my handkerchief, so as to enable me to pass the weak point before the pony should reach it, and thus divide instead of concentrating the weight, and enable the pony to go into the abyss, if he went at all, unaccompanied ; but, coaxed by a crust of bread, he came over cautiously and safely, and, mounted upon his back, I pushed along with a light heart to Gheramine cottage.

At the gate of the enclosure I found a wan and haggard peasant, in a great coat with a long cape, which made more ridiculous the absence of tails, which had been torn away to cover one leg, while the other was enveloped in the fragment of a hat. He opened a gate for me to pass into the open country beyond, accompanied

me to the pathway, and pointed out its course to me as it wound up the ravine by the Purple Mountain, which takes its name from the color of the soil upon its summit.

As I wound upward, the view continued to extend itself; though the lakes, with all their picturesque attributes, were excluded by the intervening side of the Purple Mountain. The acclivity along which I toiled was composed of broken rocks, bogs covered with heather, or little patches of soil, on which lay heaps of lime, to indicate the process by which they had been brought back from the domain of sterility. Besides these trifling plantations were cottages and stacks; while cattle, of a dwarfed and miserable appearance, suited to the ungrateful character of their pasturage, browsed among the rocks. Yet here was an air of comfort and competency, very superior to that which reigns among the cotters of the rich lands below. This fact, of the existence of comfort among the Irish peasantry in the inverse ratio of the fertility of the soil, is one that was perpetually forced upon my conviction, and which forms a frightful commentary upon the social condition of the country; the bounty of nature is every where found to be frustrated by the injustice of man. Crowded out of their birthright, the native race are devoted to eternal and unrequited toil, and hopeless starvation. In passing one of these humble abodes, the inhabitants of which had taken refuge in the remoteness and sterility of these savage recesses against the persecutions of the task-master, I found them engaged in protecting a little stack of corn by an additional covering, and mending the thatching of their cottage with the stout roots of the fern. They paused from their labors as I passed, and glanced suspiciously at me; it was not the season of tourists, and they might have fancied that they saw in the solitary traveller, some tythe-valuator, or prying person come among them on some errand of rigor, and seeking to step between the laborer and his hire.

As I continued to ascend the increased elevation, the partial action of the air in the depth of the gorge which the road followed, and the evaporation of so many rushing torrents produced a growing coolness, which, as I drew nigh the top of the pass, and encountered the western breeze drawing freshly through, became very pinching. The ridge which I was crossing has an elevation of near two thousand feet. Tormies was on my right, the Reeks rose on the left, terminating in broken and rugged crests. From the summit of the ridge the road descends rapidly, winding along the bed of the ravine, and occasionally crossing the stream that flows there by a rude bridge; and while each moment I approached nearer to the level of the plain, the mountains on either hand retained their elevation, until they grew by comparison into great height, their

sides remaining almost perpendicular, and fearfully overhanging the road, while their sharp crests caught and tore the fleecy clouds that hovered in the mid-heaven. I do not remember ever to have seen a more desolate place, or scenes more nearly approaching to the idea of chaos. It seemed as though in the midst of some volcanic revolution, in which all nature was decomposed, and the laws of gravity had ceased to influence, the dissolving scene had been suddenly stiffened into permanency, leaving the rocks standing wildly about, toppling out of the perpendicular, and broken like the surface of the sea under the contradictory action of shifting gales. A dark and dismal looking lake here receives the waters of the torrent, yet has no visible outlet for its own ; and by the mystery of its existence adds to the horrors of the scenery. The only living objects in view were one or two sheep near the summit of the Reeks, mere white spots in the distance, and only recognizable as animate by their slightly perceptible change of place in browsing.

At length the mountains had reached a nearly perpendicular elevation of fifteen hundred feet, the gap at the bottom leaving simply room enough for the road, the rest being cumbered by huge fallen masses sufficient each to crush hundreds, beneath which the torrent stole away invisibly, while others of similar dimensions were seen toppling over the abyss, as if in the act of detaching themselves on an errand of destruction. The scene gradually lost something of its desolateness as I descended, until I reached the shores of some pretty lakes, in which the water, having purified itself from the blackness which characterised it above, had become perfectly pellucid. And now the enclosing ridges, receding on either hand, gave to view glimpses of the inhabited region below, with its cultivated fields of variegated hues, and glistening villas and cottages, contrasting singularly with the surrounding objects, and relieving the imagination from the overpowering impression of awe awakened by the solitude, sublimity, and desolation ; while it conveyed the comforting assurance that the world was not all like that frightful portion of it, from which the eye turned with the same aversion and horror with which Virgil's hero took leave of Hell. Now, too, vegetation began to resume its sway ; patches of heather and wild grass began to be reinforced by bushes of gorse, and holly-trees growing often in the oddest and most sterile situations. And presently after, man put in his claim of lordship, though it must be confessed that the assertion in this instance was not a subject for envy. I halted before the first cottage to inquire the distance to Killarney ; a gipsy-like woman, with a smoked complexion and tangled hair, was burying some potatoes in the little field from which they had been dug ; while the ruffianly lord of the mansion sat smoking on

the door-stone ; and, in answer to my interrogatory, removed his pipe for a moment to utter something in Irish perfectly unintelligible, and apparently so meant to be. Lower down I joined company with a lad, who was driving homeward with a load of turf. He told me, in the course of our conversation, that his father leased grass land enough for ten cows and a horse, for which he paid ten pounds, and that he made butter enough to pay his rent. He had, besides, a little mill, which produced something ; and they lived very well, having plenty of potatoes, milk, butter, and salt fish, with now and then a little bacon. Presently we came to the lad's home, which had a very comfortable appearance ; near it was a little mill-dam, supplied by a brook turned upon an overshot wheel of about five feet in diameter ; and the cattle in a neighboring field, though small, were in good condition. The cottage was unusually neat, and had a door in two parts ; the lower being closed, apparently contrived purposely for the exclusion of the pig, who was banished to a habitation of his own by the side of his master's. The interdiction did not seem to extend to the whole brute creation ; for the chickens of the family were perched upon the door, cackling and crowing in triumph over the baffled pig, who grunted for admission below.

At length I reached the level of the lakes again at Laune bridge, which crosses the river of that name, by which they empty themselves into the sea at Dingle Bay. In this neighborhood stands Dunloe Castle, a place which made a figure in the wars of Cromwell, and is now modernized into a country residence. Villa after villa now announced that I had reached again the region of refinement, and as the wooded peaks were passed, the lake broke into view at quickly succeeding intervals, changing its appearance after each, yet never losing its beauty, as the nobly grouped mountains, which rose abruptly from its shores, or the innumerable islands that studded its surface, with ornamented mansions, relieved by ruined castles and abbeys thickly mantled with ivy, burst in quick succession on the delighted beholder.

Yet every object that met the eye was not beautiful or cheering. In withdrawing the attention from the more striking and general features of the picture to the minuter ones at the road-side, there were those that were painful to contemplate. I had noticed that in descending from the Gap of Dunloe, as the country became more fertile the appearance of the inhabitants denoted increased misery. Here, on the slope of fine land towards the lake, was a hut, so wretched that, with the plea of asking if there were any milk to sell, I stopped to look at it. Immediately before the door-way was a stagnant pool, which served the double purpose of dung-heap and

duck-pond. There was no window, and none was necessary, for the sods, with which the roof had been thatched, were falling in between the rafters; the sun streamed through the opening, and his rays, tinged by the smoke that struggled for exit at the same aperture, fell upon a wretched group seated round the door, which had been taken down to serve the purpose of a table. Hard by stood the pot from which the smoking potatoes had been emptied; and the half-naked feasters, many of them children, were invaded at their meal by a hog, which thrust his nose amongst them, and grunted forth his demand for participation. From the father of this wo-be-gone family, I learned that he held two acres of land, for one of which, at the back of the house, which he cultivated, he paid two pounds; the other was beyond the road in grass, and the rent of this was three pounds. It was overgrown with weeds, and in a most wretched condition; the effects of which were sufficiently visible in the appearance of a starved cow that looked out over the enclosure. It was deplorable to consider the precarious situation of this miserable man; the slightest accident to his cow or pig, by disqualifying him to pay his rent, might send him forth, followed by his wretched brood, a houseless vagabond, to starve in the midst of that plenty with which the land is teeming. The case is not hypothetical nor imaginary, it belongs to the daily and hourly history of Ireland.

Passing the ruined church of Aghadoe, most picturesquely situated on an eminence to the left, I continued to command, at each slight ascent, a nearer view of Innisfallen, with its grove-encircled ruins; of Ross Castle, representing the chivalry, as the abbey did the religion, of a past age; and of the remoter portion of the lake, studded with islands of every form and fashion, until, as the opposite shore closed up the view, the eye rested on the verdant and ivy-mantled tower of venerable Mucruss. The whole ride, from Aghadoe to near Killarney, was most enchanting; the lakes were almost perpetually in view, while the noble mountains beyond continued to rise without any interruption above every intervening obstacle, as the sun, declining over Tormies and Dunloe, cast the shadows of premature night over the steep declivities; or still lingered about the summits, darting a golden ray beneath the filmy cloud which hovered over them, and lighting up the cone of the Purple Mountain with tints more glorious than its own. The surface of the still lake, too, reflected the slanting rays; while the windows of the villas that skirted the northern shore became brilliantly resplendent diamonds, as the whole scene was embellished by the sunset, which even in America would have been a glorious one. Putting Switzerland out of the question, I do not think that I ever received more pleasing and varied impressions from fine scenery than during this day's ride round the Lakes of Killarney.

COMMENTS ON TRAVEL.

NUMBER FOUR — NAMES FOR IDEAS.

I WAS cruising along the Rhine once, some half a dozen years ago, and arrived at Mentz on my way to Frankfort in the diligence, having taken my place in the cabriolet at Coblenz, and paid through to Frankfort. But at Mentz the diligence people, without showing any regard for the obligation of contracts, compelled me to give up the place I had paid for, and take one in that ignoble postscript which in France is called the *Rotonde*, a bad, blind, uncomfortable hole, which I entered reluctantly and grumblingly ; but for many reasons which I cannot specify now, it was the best thing I could do ; and let no traveller in such case suffer spirit and temper to prevail over comfort, and induce him to punish himself by way of resisting imposition. You should look upon the people you have to do with as mere sticks and machines, whose nature you are to consider curiously but coolly ; for to let your discoveries put you in a rage, is the most unphilosophical thing in the world. Keep your apathy, and do what on the whole suits yourself best ; would that I had always done so ; but so I did at Mentz, and they wedged me into this *Rotonde* with five companions, all of whom, but one, I have now entirely forgotten. This exception was a long, awkward young man, in a shabby suit of black, who appeared to be possessed with a demon of conversation, but utterly at a loss for a language ; nobody could understand either his French or his German, this last being, as I found afterwards, a Flemish dialect, and the former very scanty and broken. He tried them both in vain ; and then for his last experiment, fixing upon me, he asked if I spoke Latin, and the joke seemed to me so good a one, that I humored it and answered yes. Hereupon he opened forthwith with a speech, and not a short one ; it gave me time, indeed, to collect my ideas and words of yore, and get a speech ready in my turn when he paused for a reply. It was very short however, and only to this purpose — that I had never hitherto had occasion to speak Latin, "*occasionem latine loquendi.*" "Ah," said my new friend, "*bene dicis, occasionem loquendi ;*" and then he quoted the rule out of John Lilly about "*post occasionem expectationem, &c. genitivus,*" and I know not what ; and then he quoted the examples given in the grammar, counting them on his fingers ; to be sure he had got them all, as he had evidently learned them by rote, concluding with reiterating his "Ah, bene

dicis." Encouraged thus, and a good deal amused, I entered into conversation with this original, who proved to be a Catholic student for the church, from Brabant, going to Rome to be ordained, and possessing, in fact, when he was once clear of Brabant, no language to communicate with man but the Latin ; and he had learned Latin so as to speak it pretty fluently without ever reading any classic author but Cornelius Nepos and Cicero's two treatises, "De Senectute" and "De Amicitia," and he did not know the names even, of Horace, or Virgil, or Tacitus. When we arrived at Frankfort he shouldered his pack, and followed me to my hotel, and up stairs into my room, where he sat down upon my bed, talking Latin and appearing to feel very much at home. Of course I was not long getting rid of him ; but what a palpable relic this strange creature was of the times when the Latin language was a sort of Sanscrit in Europe, the sole language of devotion and the universally favorite one of learning. What it had especially to do with devotion it is difficult to say ; with literature the alliance was natural, and its usefulness, and even its necessity obvious. Models of taste and style existed in Latin when no modern tongues possessed them ; and besides, the literary community throughout Europe had need to hold together, to sustain itself in the days of its recent renaissance, and the Latin was its bond of union and medium of communication. In those times, therefore, as men of many different nations were writing Latin, and each for all, it was essential that all should write it with purity ; and that Italians should not permit themselves to Italianize, nor Frenchmen to Frenchify it, but that the classic standards should be adhered to. Hence it was, I imagine, that the doctrine of purism in language arose ; and in these peculiar circumstances, as applied to the Latin language, it was a true and reasonable one, though, like all doctrine, it sometimes went unreasonable lengths. Cardinal Bembo, for instance, in his history of Venice refused to use any phrase that was not absolutely Ciceronian, and as there was no Grand Turk in Cicero's time, he latinized that title by "Rex Thraciæ ;" and as there was no Christianity, he makes the edicts of the Pope run in the name of the immortal gods ; and as there was no excommunication, he calls that, interdiction from fire and water. In a single writer, though a distinguished one, this is simply ridiculous, but if all did so, the effect would be to confuse all history ; new ideas ought always to be expressed by new words, but in an established language the question is, where shall we get them ?

It is said to be a custom in some parts of India where the variety of coins or other things used for money is very great, for a banker or broker of known high character to make up sometimes a certain amount in a little package of a convenient form, mark its value and

put his own seal on it, and it passes thenceforth for so much. This saves much inconvenience in counting and combining, and you say at once ten rupees or twenty rupees, instead of a long detail of pice, anas, dumries, cowrie shells, and perhaps betel nuts and roots of ginseng. It is much to be desired that somebody or other should have authority to render to language the same sort of service that their bankers do to currency, that certain combinations of ideas which frequently occur should be made up each into a convenient word, and that the word once made, should, if apt and clear, be allowed to pass unquestioned. We are continually getting new ideas, and endeavoring to get more; and we pride ourselves on refusing to increase the amount of the medium by means of which they circulate, and that too in the face of hourly proofs of its insufficiency and the clumsiness of its combinations. One or two sciences have been absolutely forced to remedy this defect for themselves, by inventing complete nomenclatures; Chemistry is an instance, and Political Economy has nearly made shipwreck of some of its soundest doctrines for want of a similar reformation. No less a man than Mr. Ricardo in some of his gravest calculations completely missed his way once at least by forgetting or mistaking the value of his own counters — his technical terms. The reason was obvious enough. He applied words, which had always had a certain idea attached to them, to signify another which had resulted from his own speculations; and thus in a long discussion he sometimes confounded the new meaning of the term with the old one.

There ought to be some system by means of which new-born ideas should be regularly christened. We talk very sensibly, or may think we do so, about new fangled words, gallicisms, and what not; and no doubt it is very absurd affectation to lug in foreign phrases instead of the vernacular where the latter exists. But where it does not, the foreigner ought forthwith to have his brevet of naturalization; and if we could hear of a South Sea island where the natives had but one good word we wanted, it would be a better work to go and fetch it, of more demonstrable utility when effected, than a successful voyage through the North-west passage. This purism of exclusion is in some countries a mere affectation of the literary men, an inherited prejudice and learned cant; in others it is partly caused by a natural intractableness of the language; but even this, by study of the means, might doubtless be overcome. Germany is an instance of the first sort and France of the second. The Germans say their language is abundant in its own riches, and should scorn to borrow from any. Accordingly they endeavor to supply by compounds from words which their ancestors had, the expressions of all the ideas they had not; the catalogue is long, the

compounds are often awkward, and the expression always incomplete. The German language has a ductility, too, which makes this sort of compounding very easy ; you may run any dozen words into one, but the unity, when you have done, is much like that of a basket of apples, one basketful or one bushel, if you please to call them so, but by no means one apple. We might do the same thing in English if we chose, and not shock our idioms very greatly either. Take such a word as General-volks-sammlung for instance, it means a general meeting of the people ; but we also can write this all in one, and say a general-people's-meeting. Among their names of sciences I find one which is Holz-spar-kunst, the art of saving wood (see Thibaut's dictionary) ; but it is also very possible to say save-wood-art in English ; and such combinations would become elegant if use sanctioned them and any advantage resulted from them. But what results to the Germans is mischief, at least in the many cases where they shut out a good expression and elegant word to introduce some rumbling, creaking thing, which seems to require oxen to draw it, and which will not convey the required idea after all. It may be disputed, perhaps, whether a legitimate national pride will not justify calling snuffers light-shears, thimbles finger-hats, gloves hand-shoes, and so on ; but hand-shoe surely ought only to mean a leathern glove, silk ones ought to be hand-hose and long ones perhaps hand-stockings. A steam vessel is called a dampf-schiff — damp-ship, which is a pretty literal translation of our word, though we do begin to say steamer, which would be better if it could be defined as applicable only to vessels and not to land locomotives. But why should a balloon not be called a balloon rather than an air-ship (Luft-schiff) ; and if one should ever be propelled by steam, would there not be a decided convenience in prefixing the new distinctive name to one word rather than to two. And what think you of an eclipse being called a darkness (finsterniss), and its being necessary in consequence always to make this application of the word intelligible by coupling it with the name of the body eclipsed, a sun darkness, a moon darkness, or a Jupiter's-satellite-darkness. Satellite again is Folgestern, following star ; so that this last expression, fairly written out, becomes Jupiters-folgesternen-finsterniss, a pretty specimen of ductility certainly. Now one palpable disadvantage of this system is that it tends to deprive the language of the metaphorical uses of such words ; we say in English sometimes that a young lady is eclipsed, but there is no German for that expression, unless you make her a moon or a star first, which you may or may not be inclined to do. Still, as such combinations are a variety worth having, if they excluded nothing better, we might easily borrow the German form of making

them, which is usually by inserting the letter *n* or syllable *en* between the words to be joined; they make such a whole then as bricks and mortar do, but is that to be preferred to solid marble? — For instance, *Stern*, star, *Sternenfinsterniss*, *Sonne*, sun, *Sonnenfinsterniss*, and so on. A few more examples of this pride of shabby independence may not be amiss, as some may be found which are sufficiently striking. The German purist, to avoid borrowing so good a ready-made word as complex, uses *zusammen-gesetzt*, which can only be fitly Englished by *together-put*; and for connection, he says *zusammen-hang* or *together-hang*. For incense, he says *Weihrauch*, or *holy-smoke*, and for fumigation *Raucherwerk*, or *smoke-work*. Metempsychosis he translates by *seelenwanderung*, which means only wandering of souls, and translation he calls *oversetting*; which in this way, as far as sense is concerned, he very often makes it. The musical scale or gamut he calls a *tone-ladder* (*Ton-leiter*) — and so on and so on; for these examples are infinite.

The notion seems to be in all this that words ought to be legitimately derived, and carry their genealogy with them like a Welchman's name of old, containing his whole pedigree, John ap Rice, ap Shenkin, ap Gwyllym, ap Tudor, ap Shones. Such a name as this stamps its possessor as a genuine Welchman, and leads you back in idea to the fountain, or first cause of Welchmen, whose stock we here suppose to be Shones. Tudor ap Shones is his son Tudor. Gwyllym ap Tudor ap Shones comes next in order, and the name of their extant descendant now ought to enumerate them all from all time upon the same principle. But the disadvantage is, that this is tedious, and the practical effect is that Welchmen have adopted English customs; Gwyllym becomes Mr. Williams, and the family abides by that for a family name. And the principle works in German very much so; it is followed to a certain point and becomes a bore, and is, at last, in practice very often abandoned. Take the word 'mine' and its derivatives as an instance. *Berg* is a mountain; now mines are usually found in mountains, therefore *Berg-werk* is a mine, though mountain-work might also, for aught we can see, with equal propriety signify a bird's nest. Well, *Bergwerk* is a mine, then mining, as a science, is *Bergwerk's-kunst*, mountain-work's-art; and its professor is a *Bergwerkskundiger*, a mountain-work's-artist. After all this there is no good verb to be had; and this rich and ductile language, when it has to express the simple idea to mine, is obliged at last to borrow and say *miniren*.

Nobody would wish to see English imitate German in its follies, but it has its beauties too, and it would be difficult to give a reason why they should not be transplanted. One of the most striking is its system of compounds with particles, feathering and barbing

words as it were, with slight additions, which increase, vary, and heighten their powers almost indefinitely. Many of the particles which serve this purpose are prepositions or adverbs, but several of the most efficient are inseparable, i. e. are never found separate. *Ent* is one of them ; it signifies, as near as may be, privation and departure, though in some of its compounds it is now difficult to trace that original sense. But to *entfly* is to escape by flying ; to *entrün*, has a corresponding sense ; to *entspring*, is to spring from or rise like a river ; to *entsprout*, to grow up like a plant. Another of these is *Ur*, the force of which gives a sublimity of significance sometimes to ordinary words ; and no one who has studied the effect of language needs to be told how much better it is to stamp on the mind in one word a given conception, than to engrave it there with multiplied particularities and repeated strokes. *Ur* means original, primeval, pre-existing, fundamental. The *Ur-licht* is the first light and first cause of light ; it is God. The *Ur-night* is original chaotic darkness. The *Ur-world* is the remotest antiquity, the *Ur-model* (*Ur-bild*) is the first original model, and the *Ur-material* (*Ur-stoff*) the primary essence and elementary substance of any thing. With the prepositions and adverbs the peculiarities of the German compounds are not very strongly marked ; they are freer than in English and more varied, but we have the principle they go on, and all we stand in need of is courage to apply it oftener than we do. But these two particles, *ent* and *ur*, we ought at once to transplant bodily, and perhaps *ver* also, which gives a word a sort of effacing or destroying sense, and *zer*, which implies in general not only destruction but scattering — to *zer-tread* (*zertreten*), for instance, is to crush and tread to pieces. Others, doubtless, might be chosen ; and the language that shall first provide itself with an apparatus for picking and stealing, and grow rich at the expense of its neighbors, will be the one which will carry the election now contesting in the world for the post of universal interpreter. Spanish is abroad in South America, English throughout the vast British empire and its offspring ; German in the heart of Europe and far into Russia, perhaps to Siberia ; and French is spoken everywhere in good company. Which of all these is Aaron's serpent, and capable of swallowing the rest ?

The advocates of purism in English may be cornered with a very obvious dilemma. They must tell us whether their principle is a general or special one ; whether they mean to maintain that all languages ought to refuse to *borrow*, or simply that our own language ought. If the latter, they will be reduced to defend, case by case, every point at which it is attempted to introduce a new word as often as such attempts recur, and obliged to show each time that the

intruder is not wanted. This is, in fact, abandoning the general principle of purism, and substituting for it an assertion that English is rich and prolific enough for all occasions; an assertion which, even were it true to-day, might perhaps be falsified to-morrow. And as for the general rule, that no language ought to borrow, no man in his senses would probably maintain it; for, blind as we may be to the defects of English, ready as habit has made us with periphrases and license of use to express new modifications of thought with old words, or to dole out in a sentence what ought to be a monosyllable, still, when we look at foreign idioms, where every defect is a difficulty to the learner, we can see that much is wanting.

The inhabitants of Eastern and South-eastern Asia have probably chiefly to thank the defects of their languages for the imperfect state in which their civilization sticks: up to a certain point it went on, as it would appear, very well; beyond it could not go, because, when any individual arrived at some refinement for himself upon the ideas in possession of the public, he could not communicate it; there was no precision of expression, no accuracy of definition possible; the whole power of speech was limited to putting names of things and words signifying certain actions in a row or string, and the hearer must guess what relation they were to bear to each other. In this situation now are the Chinese, Tartars, Thibetians, Burmans, and Siamese, one hundred and eighty millions of people. These languages have each from three hundred and fifty to five hundred words; each word of one syllable only, and each of these words of course has to serve for five, ten, or twenty different significations, which are distinguished from each other by variations in the tone of voice, abrupt or deliberate, high or low, long or short, &c., all which is insufficient; and explanatory words are often resorted to besides, and signs, and even writing in the air or on the sand, to make conversation intelligible. The verbs have no inflections, the adjectives no comparisons, the nouns no declension nor plurals; the word that signifies *do*, for instance, must signify also *did*, *doing*, and *done*, undergoing no change of form; and so with the rest. Adelung gives, in his *Mithridates*, some specimens chosen to show the effect of this as well as of the round-about expressions they are forced to use on account of the paucity of words. A Siamese, wishing to say, "When you came, I had had my dinner," says literally, "Time thou many (for *you*, plural) come, I dine finish; or, "I should like to be at Siam"—"I be town Siam, I heart good much." Again, in the dialect of Tonquin China, the word *Ba* has six significations, viz.: a gentleman, to give or leave, the number three, a contemptible thing, a present, and the mistress of a prince. And this word, consequently, six times repeated with

the various accents required, would make this curious sentence : "Three gentlemen made a present to the deserted mistress of a prince — a contemptible proceeding." It is obvious that the same words with the necessary variations of intonation must be used for all the different sentences which can be made by placing these six ideas in different order, the sense being each time complete according to the idiom of the language which dispenses, as I have remarked, with all inflections. Therefore, whether it be the prince who gives his mistress to the gentlemen, or the mistress who gives the gentlemen to the prince ; however, in short, this " contemptible proceeding" may be modified, still, if you relate it, and qualify it, you must come back to the same reiteration, "Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba." As for the manner of writing, strange as it may seem, it has nothing to do with the spoken language at all ; it is a system in which each idea has its representative mark independent of the word which expresses it to the ear. Persons, who have not a language in common therefore as they speak it, may, and in many cases do, have a writing system in common, as all the nations of Europe have their numerals. A Chinese and a Thibetian thus may have totally dissimilar words for water or air, but both will have the same written characters, and both will use the same combination of these two characters to express steam. Hence the use of writing as an aid to conversation, if I cannot sufficiently distinguish to the ear of my auditor by intonation, the word Ba, a prince, from Ba, three, or Ba, a gentleman ; I make on the sand, or in the air, the written sign of the idea I wish to convey.

No doubt the complication and clumsiness of the written characters in all these languages have been a very great impediment to their improvement. Had writing been an easy thing, or reading a common one, authors would have introduced changes and the public would have adopted them, provided always there had been nobody found to preach purism and exclaim against Indicism or Persicism every time any thing good was borrowed from a neighbor. Adelung thinks these monosyllabic languages are nearest to the Ur-speech or first language of mankind ; he says they consist more properly of roots than words, rather of raw materials than of expressions fit for use. On the other hand, Lord Monboddo says the tendency of rude languages is to run out into endless polysyllables ; and he quotes some grand examples from the Iroquois, and also a people on the banks of the Amazon mentioned by Condamine, whose word for three consisted of nine syllables ; and as for the Chinese, he says it was evidently constructed by learned men, and bears none of the marks of a rude and artless language, though he adds that, " Why the authors of it stopt short and neglected to pro-

vide it with composition, inflection, and derivation, is a curious enough question." Doctors differ; but the conclusions from these clashing authorities agree, that when a language is defective, it ought not to be suffered to remain so from mere repugnance to innovation.

We perceive very readily, as I have once remarked, the deficiencies of foreign tongues, and we get accustomed to certain expedients for getting over those of our own, as in the case, for example, of the word *box*; which a clever magazine writer once complained of in the name of a puzzled Frenchman, because it means a dozen or twenty different and dissimilar things, yet no Englishman is incommoded by it. But set an Englishman to translate into French a phrase where he will meet a difficulty of the kind, and it becomes sensible and perceptible enough. For instance, — "*Plumes* are made of feathers, and pens of quills." Now *plume*, feather, pen, and quill, are all one word in French; they have nothing but *plume* to translate the whole; a literal translation of the above sentence, therefore, would be nonsense, yet probably a Frenchman would have his words ready if he had occasion to convey this idea, and never feel a hesitation. But the custom of patching up the fault does not remove it; it is a fault still, an inelegance, a sign of poverty, and a relic of barbarism and ignorance; and every explanatory and *definitory* word has a tendency to unnerve the expressiveness of speech and diminish the vividness of impression.

The dictionary makers in France, as elsewhere, have deemed themselves bound to adhere to the language as they found it, to make an inventory of existing words and of their uses, and to prohibit, as far as in them lay, both the acquisition of new words and the application of the old to new meanings. What advantage they aimed at it is impossible to conjecture, or rather it is certain that they went blindly on in the track of the superstition about purism derived from the custom of the learned in the case of the Latin, where there was a reason for it, and applied in all other cases where there was none. They ought not only to have discovered and supplied such omissions as these I have referred to, but also a very numerous class I am still to treat of, of a different description. Words like *plume* in French, and *box* in English, are in the situation of the numerous families of Smiths and Browns in the world, whom you always mention with an explanation to say what Smith or Brown it is you mean; and so you define a shooting box, a box on the ear, an opera box, and so on. But there are certain ideas which are in the category of Carlisle's shopman in England when the lawyers wanted to indict him and could not find out his name, and he was at last tried, and found guilty of selling blasphemous or

sedition books, and sentenced and punished, under a description without a name ; which of course had to be reiterated at full length every time he was to be mentioned in the proceedings. I shall cite a single parallel case in language to this, which concerns my own countrymen chiefly ; for it is not *the King's English* I am anxious to reform, we must make a dialect for ourselves ; and it is not in this point of view, perhaps, that our independence ought to be least vigorously asserted. But what do we call ourselves, what is the name of our nation ? Are we North Americans ? So are the Cherokees. Are we Anglo-Americans ? So are the Canadians. Americans of the United States ? So are the Mexicans : we have no distinctive name. Nay, it is even worse ; we cannot even describe ourselves by a circuitous phrase, unless we enter into a narration and identify ourselves positively by a portion of our history, or else refer to the geography, and give latitude and longitude or names of places. It happened to me once to be at Liege in a dining hall of an hotel where a man was making an estimate of the number of various nations who had representatives in the company. He counted me among the Englishmen, and made out, I think, nine nations ; whereupon somebody told him I was an American, which would make up his number to ten. A tall man, who was dining there, with his back to our party, started up, and turned round suddenly to consider me, and exclaimed with some surprise, "Un Américain, — Monsieur, peut être n'est il pas Osage ?" The question seemed very odd, yet it was perfectly natural ; some Osage Indians had been recently exhibited there, and upon them was formed, no doubt, the prevailing idea of Americans. Had I been Canadian, Mexican, Chilian, Brazilian, Colombian, Venezuelian, or any thing definite, the question would not have occurred, but American ! and why not Osage ?

This is a thing which Congress might set right with a word, and that word they ought to speak. There is no difficulty in finding a good name, any name will do ; Vespuceius would furnish a good derivative, or Columbus's alias, Colon, or his christian name Cristovallo. Columbia is too near like Colombia, which is appropriated ; and besides, it puts one in mind of Barlow's epic poem, which is an objection. Neither would I allow Orator Emmons to christen us Fredonians for a variety of reasons ; one is, that we have ranted and canted too much about freedom already ; we ought to cease at last to regard it as a miracle that we are out of leading strings, and try to work it into our every day thoughts as a natural matter, and consider, if liberty be really so good a thing, what it is good for. The Mexicans, and South Americans, and the Black-Foot and Comanches, are as free as we are ; our liberty is only one of many

blessings which we enjoy, and for whose uses we are accountable. It came to us in God's good time, when we were mature for it in strength, and able, as the result has shown, to bear it in understanding. It has been blessed upon us with much fruit, yet I cannot help thinking that some has been lost by this spirit of gratulation and chuckling, which has induced us to look upon freedom as an end, not a means ; as if our impulses were perfect, tending of themselves to all good, could they only be free, as the sparks fly upward.

THE GOLDFINCH AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

A FABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

Two cages neat hung high before
My neighbor Damon's cottage door ;
In one a goldfinch silent swung,
A nightingale in t'other sung.
— His little son, delighted, heard
The warbling of the tuneful bird ;
Then eager to his parent hied,
And thus imploringly he cried ;
" Show me which is the minstrel dear,
Whose voice so mellow is, and clear !"

The father, anxious to impart
A pleasure to the prattler's heart,
Brought in the cages from the door,
And placed them both the boy before ;
Then turning, said — " Decide, I pray,
Which bird so sweetly trill'd the lay ?"

The lad both birds a moment eyed,
Then, pointing to the goldfinch, cried —
" This, surely, is the lovely fellow ;
Behold his plumage, bright and yellow !
This is the pretty songster, sure,
Whose tones the charmed ear allure !
The other's looks show that his throat
Could never sound a pleasing note !"

Alas, how frequently we find
Appearances deceive mankind !
By handsome garb and form we're won
To deem a dunce a Solomon ;
While shabby dress leads us at once
To think e'en Solomon a dunce !

U. U.

THE CRUISE OF THE SPARKLER.*

By the Author of "THE MUTINY," "MY FIRST AND LAST FLOGGING," &c.

It was upon a bright morning in July, 1814, that the American privateer schooner Sparkler, which had been becalmed for eight-and-forty hours, about sixty miles outside the Bermudas, at last caught the breeze from the north-west, and made all sail for the south'ard and east'ard.

She was of that class of vessels designated in nautical parlance, "Baltimore clippers;" and it needed but one glance at her symmetrical figure to perceive that she was well worthy of her name. About two hundred tons in burthen, long, low, and sharp, she was yet of great breadth of beam; while her beautifully tapering masts seemed almost to reach the sky.

Upon her snow-white decks, which were without spring or rise, were mounted sixteen long brass twelve-pounders, eight of a side; not run out of the ports, as in a man of war, but slewed fore and aft; while her ports were closed, and her hull painted so exactly like that of a merchantman, in various colors, that it required a sharp eye and near observation to discover that she was other than she seemed, a peaceful merchant vessel from Fells Point, bound to the Spanish main.

In addition to her batteries, she mounted amidships, upon a traversing carriage, a long brass forty-two pounder, while her cutlass-racks, arm-chests, and boarding-pikes, the last lashed to the booms, showed that she was also well prepared for close-quarters, and to finish by boarding the work cut out by the great guns. She was withal well manned. Of her crew of a hundred and eighty men, the greater part were now upon deck, having just finished making sail; and in their dark faces, and muscular forms, as they carelessly lounged about, might be read the proof that these trusts were bestowed worthily, upon men who would fight to the death in defence of their striped and spangled bunting.

The captain of the privateer, dressed with some pretensions to nicety, but wearing a common tarpaulin, had been walking fore-and-aft along the starboard-quarter-deck for half an hour, in silence, carelessly swinging the spy-glass, with which, ever and anon, he swept the horizon; he now paused in his promenade, and addressed the first mate.

"Mr. Townsend, I don't like these Irish hurricanes. Here we are

eight days from Hampton Roads, and only just clear of Bermuda. We must make more easting soon, or we shall lose the outward-bound West Indiamen, and be compelled to trust to chance customers."

"Very true, Captain Benson," replied the first mate, who was at this moment standing on a gun, and leaning against the starboard bulwark; "but ——"

"Sail ho!" sung out the look-out aloft.

"Where away?" hailed Benson, while all hands sprang up at the announcement.

"Right ahead, sir!" was the reply.

This news spread life throughout the vessel, and all hands being instantly mustered, ring-tails and bonnets were rigged, sail increased as much as possible, and our schooner, wing-and-wing, continued her course, bearing down for the stranger; while her crew, delighted at the prospect of something *professional*, were speculating as to the value of the chase and the consequent amount of prize money.

In half an hour Benson hailed the look-out: "Mast-head, there! what do you make her out to be?"

"A large ship, sir," replied the look-out; "her starboard-tacks boarded, standing south-west."

"Keep her more to the south'ard, Mr. Townsend," said Captain Benson, on receipt of this information; "we'll cut her off."

"She's a stout lump of a ship, sir," replied the mate as he obeyed the order; "she may be a man-of-war."

"Very good, we have the weather-gage," answered Benson, as he went forward to take another look.

In an hour's time the stranger was plainly to be seen. She was evidently a large ship, and from her build and appearance looked much like a man-of-war. This seemed more fully apparent a short time after; for the chase, which had till now appeared unconscious of the presence of the privateer, suddenly hauled her wind and made all sail towards her, while the rapidity with which her course was changed and her canvass crowded, seemed proof-positive that she was a man-of-war.

This manœuvre produced some surprise on board the Sparkler.

"A Scotch prize, Captain Benson!" observed the first mate, as he handed him the glass.

"Perhaps so," replied Captain Benson composedly; "clear away long Tom there, and double-shot both batteries; we will soon see what she is."

It was now about noon, and the vessels being on opposite courses, had approached within four or five miles of each other, and this distance was rapidly diminishing.

"The chase is now within range, Sir," reported Townsend.

"Very good, sir. Let drive at him with long Tom, and send up the gridiron at the fore," replied Benson.

The flag of the United States waved in the breeze, and the forty-two spoke in thunder the moment the order was given.

This was a touch of his quality, which the chase had not expected at the hands of the privateer, and the smoke clearing up, showed her bearing off before the wind, crowding all sail.

"So much for your man-of-war, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, pointing out this change of course; "she is pulling a heel, and goes off before the wind because that is the worst point in a schooner's sailing. Run out the batteries, load long Tom, and open the magazine. We will try this fellow a little any how."

Meanwhile on board the English West Indiaman, (for such was the stranger,) all was confusion and dismay. Her commander had from the first suspected that the schooner was an American privateer, but had adopted the bold course of standing towards her in chase, to give the impression that he was a man-of-war, well knowing that it was in vain to hope to escape by superior sailing from a Baltimore clipper. The report of the Sparkler's long forty-two, however, and the sight of the shot, which struck the water just ahead of him, had dispelled all his hopes of frightening her; and now, as a last resource, he put his helm up, and bore away to the South-east, hoping to leave his pursuers astern until some other ship might heave in sight to save him.

This was certainly his wisest course, and his vessel being a fast sailer, and under a press of canvass, made rapid headway. She was of the largest class of English West Indiamen, about twelve hundred tons in burthen, and was now from Plymouth, bound to Kingston, Jamaica, with a very valuable cargo and a number of passengers; and, to defend the whole, carried sixteen twelve-pounders and a crew of forty men.

"Clear away those guns, my lads, and open the magazine," said the commander of the Indiaman, who, though he wished to escape, yet had a stomach for dry knocks; "I wish we had a forty-two-pounder, for then we'd fight the Yankees on better terms."

"I hope, Captain St. John," said a passenger, who at this moment came up the companion-way, "I hope, Sir, you do not intend to fight the American."

"Certainly I do, Mr. Tompkins," replied St. John; he shall not take all our cargo, and the ship into the bargain, without fighting for it, I promise you. Why, our cargo alone is worth fifty thousand pounds sterling! Jonathan shall not make his fortune this time if I can prevent him."

"But, sir," continued Tompkins, anxiously, "consider the ladies passengers. I beg you, sir, to surrender to the American, and perhaps he will treat us well: while if you fight him, he will be enraged, and"——

"Kill all our males, and carry our women and children into captivity beyond Babylon, as the Scripture has it," interrupted St. John, hastily — "Consider the devil! All that the ladies have to do, is to stay below and be quiet; and you, doubtless, will fight to the last in defence of your wife and daughter; so there's another hand to work our guns. I mean he shall treat us well, and as for his rage, why we'll get angry too. Come, Mr. Tompkins, there's a musket for you."

"I shan't touch it, sir," said Mr. Tompkins, "it's against my principles to fight, and I will bring the matter before the passengers to see if they will permit you to throw away all our lives in this manner;" and so saying, he went hastily below.

"Good pluck, that," said St. John, laughing at the bravery of his live freight; "however, perhaps——"

Whizz-z-z came a forty-two-pound shot from the long Tom of the privateer, which interrupted his soliloquy, and passed through his main-royal; and shortly after, another walked through the bunt of all three topsails; and a moment after a third struck his starboard quarter, knocking the splinters about in every direction, while the ladies below screamed at the top of their lungs to mend the matter.

"Now, my lads," said St. John, quietly addressing his crew, "send up our ensign at the peak, and stand by to shorten sail."

Continuing his course for a moment that the privateer might distinctly see his colors, he then put down his helm, hauled close upon the wind, and stood towards her, justly considering it folly to attempt farther escape while every shot raked him fore-and-aft: That he might go into action in true man-of-war fashion, St. John next ordered to take in the royals, fore and mizen top-gallant sails, and flying-jib; hauled up the courses, and depressed both batteries for close quarters, and made every preparation of small arms and cutlasses, to beat off the privateer if possible, and, in any event, to send some of the Jonathans to Davy's locker.

This change in the Englishman's course produced a corresponding one in the privateer's. He shortened sail, and perceiving that the Indiaman intended to show fight, continued to blaze away with his long forty-two, directing his shot solely to her decks, not wishing either to carry away her spars, or hit her between wind and water; and, thoroughly understanding gunnery, his round shot coursed along the decks and cabins of the Indiaman with terrible precision, causing great fright and some positive injury to her timid passengers.

They were, however, soon huddled up in the run in security, not one caring to fight for his dinner; St. John having coolly told them that they would certainly be captured by the privateer, but that he was determined to have the satisfaction of peppering the Yankees somewhat, any how.

This, however, was not so safe an undertaking ; for, as the privateer rapidly neared them, grape-shot were added to round, in her forty-two, which scattered around with their wonted fatal and appalling effect, while the round shot continued to perform his usual mission in his usual careful and scientific manner ; tearing up the decks, dashing in the bulwarks, and knocking those terrible missiles, the splinters, among the crew ; while the crowds of armed men, now distinctly seen clustering about the decks of the privateer, showed full plainly that she was amply prepared for the combat hand to hand.

As one after another of the Indiaman's crew were cut down by one or the other of these destructives, the remainder, instead of being cowed, were, with true bull-dog spirit, only the more exasperated, working ship with great speed and undaunted bravery ; and when the privateer began to open upon them with his larboard-battery, they immediately returned the same in coin very spiritedly ; and the long forty-two of the American being now neglected for the moment, the combat became more equal, each vessel working eight twelve-pounders of a side.

The commander of the privateer was much surprised at meeting such determined resistance where he had expected abject submission ; and as the vessels neared, soon became aware, from the destructive effect of the English fire upon his crowded decks, that he must put an end to the present game immediately and trust to boarding for success. He accordingly changed his course so as to pass across the bows of the Indiaman, intending to rake him thoroughly and then board him ; but St. John, who was now in his element, loudly cheering his men, and fighting most determinedly, was fully aware of his intention ; and falling off before the wind also, he let drive his whole starboard-battery down upon the decks of the American and among his rigging, carrying away her fore-gaff, and the throat and peak-halyards of her mainsail ; which last came thundering down by the run ; and then, despite the broadside of the schooner, which swept along his decks in thunder and flame, he instantly hauled again upon the wind ; so that, disabled as was the privateer, she lay right in his course, and was apparently doomed to be run down by the immense hull of the Indiaman.

This seemingly inevitable result was prevented, and the whole aspect of the combat changed by one of those small events which have so often turned the tide of battle.

At the moment of receiving the Indiaman's broadside, there were two men at the privateer's wheel ; the one at the lee-wheel was instantly killed by a grape shot, while the other, who escaped unhurt, in his endeavor to free the wheel from the grasp of the dying man, for-

getting that the helm was still a spoke or two a-lee, put it hard-up. The schooner still had headway upon her ; and the wind, acting upon her disabled sails, suddenly brought her head around to port, so that, she being a point upon the Indiaman's starboard-bow, her gib-boom just swept clear of the ship's cutwater, and in an instant she was lying along her weather-side, afoul.

"Boarders, away !" shouted Benson, perceiving his advantage ; and, despite a volley of musketry, which laid low a dozen of his best men and wounded more, he was instantly upon the Indiaman's deck, backed by a hundred men. The combat now was brief, and the English captain being struck down, his men perceived farther resistance useless, and hauling down their colors, surrendered ; having thus far kept at bay a most overwhelming force, with a determination and effect which proved them worthy representatives of the English name.

Quarter being given to all, the wounded were handed over to the surgeon of the privateer, and the remainder of the Indiaman's crew were sent on board of the schooner. The Americans then set about securing their prize and repairing damages ; and before twilight had darkened into night, both vessels were close hauled upon the wind, still from the north-west, standing in for the American coast.

The injury to both vessels was principally in the upper works, spars and rigging, neither having received any material shot between wind and water ; so that neither sprung any alarming leak, and what few took place were soon plugged ; and so, continuing the repairs of masts, sails, &c., the Indiaman having a stout prize crew, they kept on their course for the land.

The passengers of the Indiaman were treated with the utmost respect, their cabin being left entirely for their use. They were also requested to point out their own private property, which would not in any event be touched ; and Captain Benson having farther assured them that they should be landed at Bermuda if possible, they finally came to the conclusion that he was a very polite fellow, and their lot far from forlorn.

About midnight the weather having become very thick, it fell a dead calm, and so continued until morning.

Now it so happened that an English sloop-of-war of twenty-four guns, though out of sight, had heard the cannonading of the day previous, and from the heavy reports of a single gun at intervals of a minute, became convinced that the gun in question was the long Tom of a Yankee privateer. Acting upon this belief, she had so shaped her course that she would probably be nearly up with the privateer at daybreak ; rightly judging, that upon making the capture, the American would steer for the United States' coast. In the dark-

ness she had approached the privateer, though neither party was sensible of this proximity, and being also becalmed, had laid all night within six miles of her.

As the day broke, the wind sprung up from the north-east, and the privateer had just hauled upon it in company with her prize, when the look-out aloft reported a sail!—and sure enough, in plain sight to the south-east, was an English sloop-of-war crowding every thing in chase.

Surprised Benson doubtless was; but with his usual promptitude his plan of operations was instantly laid, and running the schooner close under the lee of the Indiaman, a line was thrown aboard of her, by means of which three more were passed.

"Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, "lower away the stern and quarter boats; lay them alongside and fill them with men. You will go with them on board the Indiaman and make all sail, for in this chase her prize crew will not be sufficient to work her rapidly; and when you have done that, open her hatches, rig whips and top-burtons, toss her boats overboard, and get the most valuable of her 'tween-decks' cargo on deck with all speed. Farther orders I will transmit by signal or otherwise."

These commands were soon obeyed, and the boats were sent twice full stowed, both vessels being at the time under rapid headway. Thus a hundred of the privateersmen were on board the ship very shortly, while the boats were hauled back empty to the schooner, and run up at the davits as before.

Thus well-manned, the Indiaman was instantly under a cloud of canvass, and all her damages being repaired, she proved a crack sailer, and about equal on the wind, (her course being north-north-west) to the sloop-of-war. The privateer on this shortened sail to keep abreast of her prize, and all three bowled merrily onward.

"There goes your launch, neighbor," said Benson to St. John, who was walking with him the quarter-deck of the schooner as the ship's long-boat was tossed over the side according to orders, while the stern and quarter-boats followed suit in their small way, thus making quite a fleet adrift, all officers and no seamen, like a French man-of-war. "I hope they will have a pleasant cruise:—perhaps the sloop-of-war may pick them up to prevent so shameful a waste of good stuff. That reminds me, by-the-by, she may be within range,—here haul that forty-two aft some of you, we'll try Mr. Bull at long-bowls."

The long Tom was accordingly hauled aft, elevated, and let drive; but the distance proved greater than Benson had imagined, for although the shot actually hit the sloop-of-war, it was too nearly spent to do much injury.

This Mr. Bull determined to repay in coin, but having nothing heavier than a twenty-four pounder, was obliged to elevate it so much that the shot fell wide of the mark astern. It showed, however, that the privateer might be hit by a chance shot, and Benson, determining to avoid the possibility, however remote, of being crippled in this manner, changed his position so as to bring the Indiaman between himself and the sloop-of-war; and that they might be fully aware what his prize was, he ordered to send up at her peak the English ensign, under the stars and stripes; and at her mast-heads her private signal and all the holiday bunting usually sported by English West Indiamen.

By thus placing the Indiaman between himself and his pursuers, where she was more likely to be hit than the schooner, Benson hoped to escape harm through the natural unwillingness of the sloop-of-war to fire upon her own flag.

This was a true Yankee trick, and was, for a time, for the foregoing reason, successful; the sloop-of-war contenting herself with crowding all sail in chase, seldom replying to the shot, which, one after another, with most provoking pertinacity and skill, were pitched always in her vicinity, and frequently plump into her, from the privateer's long forty-two, hoping thereby, (herself a prime sailer,) to rescue the Indiaman in good order, and compel the privateer either to take to his heels alone, or be sent to the bottom for his covetousness, when she should come down upon him with her reserved fire.

Now all this was very fine; but the sloop-of-war, though one of the crackest sailers in His Majesty's navy when going large, (before the wind,) was not so excellent when close-hauled, and was destitute of the true independent Yankee way of putting the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom-end when on a bowline; accordingly, at this sentimental game she did not make much.

"Captain Benson," said St. John, as the privateer took up her position as before stated, and was firing at her pursuer as fast as her long Tom could be served, "you would soon escape the sloop-of-war by making sail on the schooner, and leaving my ship to take her chance."

"You don't say so, shipmate?" replied Benson, with a knowing wink and the true Yankee drawl. "Do tell!—I don't do that 'are, sir, by a —— sight."

"Sail ho!" hailed the look-out aloft.

"Where away?" replied Benson quickly.

"To windward, sir," answered the look-out; and in plain sight on the weather-bow, distant not more than eight miles, was a large ship bearing down, which, in the bustle of the chase, had escaped observation.

"An English frigate, by the Lord!" shouted St. John, jumping on a gun. Now, Captain Benson, what do you say? shall I take command in the name of his Britannic Majesty, God bless him; or will you flog both the sloop and the frigate?"

"Spin that yarn to marines, my fine fellow," replied Benson, quietly, as he removed the glass from his eye. "There's nothing English about that craft if I can read oakum."

"I'll bet you a dinner of stewed cat harpen-legs and a tuck-out of grog on that, brother Jonathan," continued St. John jeeringly; "but what is she then?"

"She is neither American, English, or French," replied Benson, "and that is all I care for. If she was one of Uncle Sam's forty-four-gunners, they would be coming in for a share of prize-money, and I don't want any of their assistance; so I am satisfied as it is. Keep up your fire, my lads. Straight as you go, quartermaster."

The sloop-of-war seemed to have been aware of the presence of the frigate before, for she continued her chase, occasionally firing a gun apparently aimed at the rigging of the Indiaman; and although the frigate was meanwhile rapidly approaching, seemed to think that she, at least, had nothing to fear.

For half an hour such was the state of affairs on all sides, and this time amply sufficed to bring the frigate within half-a-mile of the privateer on her weather-beam, heading as if to pass between her and the sloop-of-war.

Benson now sent up the American flag at the fore, and at the same instant a broad banner blew out clear at the fore-sky sail mast-head of the frigate, disclosing amid its rustling folds the armorial bearings of the battle ensign of the Danish crown; while far astern, at the mast-head of the sloop-of-war, glancing in the sun-beams, waved the meteor-flag of England. Firing one gun across the privateer's bows, and another across the sloop-of-war's, the frigate continued her course a moment longer, and then hove-to immediately between them, sending up a white flag at her main.

"The English of that, Captain St. John," said Benson, smiling, "is 'heave-to, send a boat on board, and knock-off firing, because I am between you, so belay all with that forty-two, and take a severe turn round the hencoop.'"

He then made signal for the Indiaman to heave-to, and when she had done so, shortened sail on the schooner, and laid her right alongside of his prize, under her lee.

"Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, as his boat was lowered and manned, "you will turn-to all hands, and toss that cargo on board of us as if the devil was after you, while I board the frigate.—

How's this?" he continued, pausing at the gangway, "the sloop-of-war has not hove-to."

Such was the fact. The sloop-of-war being some three or four miles from the frigate, continued her course without minding the summons of the Dane, and this disobedience of her orders was apparently not observed on board the frigate.

"That's a good one, Johnny War," shouted St. John, clapping his hands; "you perceive, Captain Benson, that my countryman yonder does not care a straw for the frigate's orders. She is a neutral, and has no business to interfere."

The Dane, however, was not idle, and waiting quietly until the sloop-of-war was within half-a-mile of her, she then fired two guns in quick succession, the shot of the first passed merrily over the water just ahead of the Englishman, while the second whistled between his main and mizen masts.

That decided the point; the sloop instantly backed her main-top-sail, while her captain, jumping into his boat, pulled for the frigate, chock-full of wrath at this interruption of his pastime.

"A race, my lads!" said Benson, who jumped into his boat at this moment also; "she's as near the frigate as we are, give way!"

Now the etiquette of men-of-war pronounces it most honorable to board at the starboard gangway, which, as the Dane lay hove-to, was the side towards the privateer, and when her boat was within a few lengths of the ladder, the boat of the sloop-of-war came under the frigate's stern, making for the same gangway, it being, of course, beneath the Englishman's dignity to go on board at the other.

Benson, who was as full of fun as his opponent was of wrath, no sooner became aware of this fact, than he steered directly for the bow of the other boat, and his own being a sharp whale-boat, he ran her right aboard with such force and good-will, that all the English oarsmen "caught crabs," while their commander, who was standing at the moment, was nearly thrown overboard by the concussion.

"Old England for ever! Rule Britannia!" shouted Benson, as he shoved in at the ladder; "hope you are not drowned, my lord. I say, my lord, I guess that 'are was as solid as one of my forty-two's love-taps. What's your opinion, my lord? If a fellow was to serve me such a sweetner as that, my lord, d——n my bloody eyes, my lord, if I wouldn't be into his pork-barrel about east, my lord. I say, Mr. Bull," continued Benson, as he deliberately mounted the ladder, "wouldn't have you expect I meant to do that 'are; Oh! no, my lord, it was all an accident done a-purpose. Come aboard, my lord; after me is manners."

The Englishman, out of all patience, threw a stretcher at Benson's head, and following, as he needs must, since he could not lead,

dashed upon deck, boiling over with wrath ; while, to add to his vexation, the officers and seamen standing around, though ignorant of English, were laughing heartily at the practical wit of the Yankee.

Once upon the quarter-deck, Benson altered his tone, and uncovering and bowing politely to the Danish captain, he addressed him in French, informing him who and what he was, and where bound, thus giving his version of the story, while the Englishman stood by, awaiting his turn.

At length he also, in obedience to the commands of the Dane, gave his name and that of his vessel, Captain Stanley, of H. B. M. sloop-of-war L——, and bitterly complained of the interference of a neutral power with his chase of a privateer ; and having warmed with his subject, he categorically demanded the name of the vessel and of her commander who had dared to heave-to an English man-of-war ; and wound up with the declaration, that unless he was allowed instantly to open his fire upon the American, he would report the Dane to the Lords of the Admiralty, and through them to the King of Denmark.

"All this is very good, sir," replied the captain of the frigate, not in the least ruffled by the furious tone of the Englishman ; "you are on board his Danish Majesty's frigate *Dannebrog*, which I, the Baron Augustus Von Hovenburg, have the honor to command ; but now that I have ascertained what you both are, you must allow Captain Benson as much time as will place him as far ahead of you as he was when I first ordered him to heave-to."

"D——d if I do, that's all," growled Captain Stanley.

"But you shall, sir," replied the Baron, secretly wishing to favor the American, though this proposition was only justice. "And moreover, I shall allow no fighting between you while my ship is in presence."

"Which course does your Lordship intend to steer ?" asked Benson very innocently, winking at the Englishman.

"Towards the American coast, sir," replied the Baron, understanding him at once.

"That's just my course, my lord," continued Benson demurely ; "and I'll keep under your lordship's lee."

"I'll be d——d if you shall, sir," broke in Captain Stanley, whose patience was fast vanishing before the gibes of the Yankee.

"Don't know how you'll prevent me, sir," replied Benson very composedly, shutting his starboard eye and squinting horribly with the other.

"Quietly, gentlemen, quietly," said the Dane gravely ; "just step into my cabin and take dinner with me, we'll talk this matter over. No refusal, gentlemen, come along."

Captain Stanley, though wishing the Dane at the devil, could not refuse ; while Benson, enjoying the fun, gladly accepted the invitation, and all descending to the cabin, sat down to dinner.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the Baron, as he adjusted his napkin in the most scientific manner, and made the other requisite preparations for taking his allowance aboard, "nothing so much injures digestion as violent talking, therefore we will eat our dinner in peace, and discuss this matter over our wine. Captain Stanley, allow me to give you a bit of his Majesty's junk ;" and during dinner he talked over the news ; the best method of ascertaining longitude by D. R., an improvement he had made in the log ; and narrated some well-twisted yarns.

With all this delay Benson was much pleased, as he knew it would give time for his men to get out the Indiaman's cargo, and accordingly swallowed the Baron's stories, and laughed so heartily at his jokes, that he made quite a lodgement in the Dane's good opinion ; while Stanley, too angry to eat or talk, answered only when addressed, and then only in monosyllables.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Baron, as he finished relating an out-and-outer, and passed the bottle for the twelfth time, "we will now arrange this matter. When I hove-to the schooner, she was four miles from the sloop-of-war ; it is, of course, fair that she should now have the same advantage. You, Captain Stanley, will therefore remain hove-to until Captain Benson has made this headway ; and then you can continue your chase. But, Captain Benson, I cannot allow either you or your prize to keep under my lee, for I should by so doing violate my neutrality ; and although I shall keep within sight of you, it will be only to see the result of the game, as I shall not interfere in any way."

"If you please, my lord," said Benson, a comical idea entering his cranium at this moment, "thirty minutes' truce from the time I reach my vessel will suit me as well as four miles headway. In that time I shall return the Indiaman's crew and passengers on board of her, and we will then escape by running, or fighting, as it may happen."

"That is very fair, sir," replied the Dane ; "and with that, Captain Stanley, I think you will be satisfied. At the end of the thirty minutes' truce I shall fill away, and leave you to fight your own battles, and at that we will consider it settled." So saying, he returned upon deck followed by the rivals.

Captain Stanley, though little pleased with this decision, felt that it was useless to remonstrate, and sullenly mounted the gangway to descend into his boat, when, on glancing at the privateer, a sight

greeted his eyes which made him pause and give vent to several vigorous anathemas.

Now it so chanced that the privateer's men having nearly cleared the Indiaman of the most valuable part of her cargo, were at this moment tossing the cases of silk and chests of tea in a perfect shower over her gunwale upon the deck of the schooner; while the multitude of cases, boxes, etc., which lay about the American's deck, showed plainly that Jonathan had well improved his time.

This was too much for Captain Stanley's nerves, and jumping back upon deck, he angrily demanded of the Danish Baron that Benson should be compelled to restore the cargo of the Indiaman.

"That, sir," replied the Baron, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, "is none of my business, and no part of Captain Benson's agreement. He agreed to leave the ship to take her chance, but said nothing about the cargo:—you must help that as you can. And farthermore, sir," he added sternly, "if you offer to brace up until I do, which I shall do as soon as the thirty minutes have expired, I shall consider it a personal insult, and shall open my fire upon you immediately. So, adieu, gentlemen; it is seldom that I meet such pleasant society at sea, and I shall always remember you."

Politely taking leave of the Baron, Benson first returned to his boat, when the bloody faces of both boats' crews showed that they had been enjoying a little quiet fight among themselves.

"How's this, my lads," said he in a loud tone that Stanley might hear him, as he shoved off to let his boat draw up; "you did wrong to flog those gentlemen rope-haulers; you should have doused your peak to them. I say, Captain Stanley," he added, as the latter came down into his boat, "don't you think it would be a good plan for us to club together and take this frigate? I believe we could lick her, and then we would have our own fight out good-naturedly, eh?"

The Englishman, however, was in no humor for jesting, and vouchsafed him no reply; so each returned to his vessel.

"We have taken out all the schooner will stow of the Indiaman's cargo, sir," reported Townsend, as Benson came on board.

"Very good, sir," replied Benson; "muster all hands aft here."

Few words sufficed to explain his plan, and it was as rapidly put in execution. All the English prisoners, including Captain St. John, were put into the cabin of the Indiaman, and the companion-way, skylights, deadlights, and hatches, locked fast and battened down. Next all her sheets, tacks, and halyards were stoppered and unrove; all her studding sails were then set on both sides, she being still hove-to and leaving the tacks standing, the sheets and halyards were also stoppered and unrove; and every thing being prepared, the remain-

der of the thirty minutes' truce was employed in starting overboard the balance of her cargo. When the Danish frigate braced up at the close of the truce, the Indiaman was cast off from the privateer, her yards squared, and her helm lashed fast amidships; and instantly gathering way, she was off like a shot before the wind, heading directly for the sloop-of-war.

The few Americans who yet remained on board of the Indiaman then jumped into their boat, were hauled back by the line, the boat was run up at the davits, and the schooner filling away, stood north-north-west; thus keeping her prize between herself and the sloop.

The Indiaman, meanwhile, bore rapidly down for the man-of-war, and the latter was so nearly in her course that Stanley found great difficulty in getting out of the way in time; for, had the Indiaman yawed two points she would have run him slap aboard; which concussion, as it would probably have sent both to the bottom, was *not* exactly "a consummation devoutly to be wished." By this time, also, Stanley perceived that there were no persons on the Indiaman's deck; and the nature of Benson's trick dawning upon him, he became aware that it was not so easy to take possession of the Indiaman, she having, of course, a singular degree of independence in her motions; and before his plan of operations was arranged, she had whizzed past him, and was off to the South-west at twelve knots an hour.

This was decidedly provoking, and Stanley was obliged at once to give up all hopes of capturing the privateer, which had now gained good start to windward, and make all sail in chase of the Indiaman, for to leave her in present condition would have been outright murder to all on board. Accordingly, with many heartfelt execrations at the Yankee's trick, he bore away in chase, while, to add to his vexation, the privateer perceiving his change of course, instantly put up her helm also, and despatching a forty-two pound shot to inform him of that fact, gave him chase, taking care to avoid the range of his stern-chasers, so that it looked altogether amazingly as if he was running away from the schooner.

It was truly a laughable sight to see the sloop-of-war setting studding-sails low and aloft, and cracking on every thing in chase of the Indiaman; for to fire upon her could do no manner of good, as it would very likely kill some of her crew; so that it was altogether quite a romantic chase, very much like running after eggs down hill; to put your foot upon them would stop them doubtless, but it would probably break them into the bargain.

Accordingly, the Danes and the Yankees cachinnated greatly at Stanley's pickle; and he, guessing their thoughts from his consciousness of the predicament he was in, mingled all manner of prayers

for their future condition with the orders he gave, the which petitions, if granted, will materially affect the condition of the scamps aforesaid on the leeward side of the river Styx.

The Indiaman, meanwhile, seemed spitefully to sail like the devil, so that it was more than an hour before the sloop was abreast of her, the privateer still giving chase to both. Having overtaken her, it was next necessary to board her, and this too was by no means so easy. Two large ships under full headway would rasp one another finely if laid alongside, while to send a boat was useless, as it would drop astern very shortly ; so here was another peck of troubles.

Captain Stanley at length perceiving that nothing else would do, ran within a hundred feet of the Indiaman, and loading his starboard battery with chain-shot, let it drive among her rigging. Here, however, he got more than he bargained for. Intending to shoot away only the braces, the shrouds and stays followed ; and the wheel being also demolished, the Indiaman yawed suddenly, and in an instant was lying along his starboard-side afoul. The consequent rasp was highly emphatic, and, in consequence, down thundered the masts and yards of the Indiaman, the greater part upon the decks of the sloop-of-war ; so that Stanley was, on the whole, quite decently peppered ; while, to crown all, the farewell forty-pound-shot from the privateer, as she hauled upon the wind for the coast, came crashing through his taffrail.

JACK GARNET.

THE FASTING CAPTAIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHLEGEL.

THUS to the valiant corps he led,
On eve of fight, their captain said :

" Hurrah, my heroes, rout your foes !
Who could such warriors brave oppose !
Fight — should you fall, I'm free to say,
That you will *dine in heaven* to-day !
'Tis sweet to die, as warriors die,
Where cannons roar and bullets fly !"

The foe appears — the captain runs ;
(A prudent man all danger shuns.)
Some wag, who saw him leave the crowd,
In jeering tone, cried clear and loud —
" Why dost thou leave thy comrades thus ?
Ho ! captain, stay and *dine* with us !"

" Nay," answered he, and sped away,
" Nay, children, I shall *fast* to-day !"

THE CEMETERY AT MOUNT AUBURN, IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE fame of this institution has reached many persons who have not had the pleasure of wandering through its beautiful paths, under the solemn shade of its fine old trees, and in its sequestered and now death-tenanted vales. Its fame has reached, too, many who have afterwards been so fortunate as to visit it ; and of the hundreds and thousands of strangers who visit Boston, few are so hurried in business, or absorbed in grosser pleasures, or deadened in their finer sensibilities, as not to go out once — perhaps oftener — to see this remarkable place ; many enrol their names among the catalogue of proprietors, and some do not take their departure without leaving directions and preparations for embellishing the spot which they may have chosen. There may not unfrequently be seen sculptured the names of citizens of distant states and cities, as well as those dwelling in the immediate neighborhood of the Cemetery ; and the visiter, as he wanders thoughtfully by, will note the careful and elaborate preparation which is going on, for the final resting-place of those who are now treading the thick paths of life in some far off city, and thronging in its temples of gain, and pushing forward, eager, busy, and perchance applauded, in the crowding contests of the world. Here, their names speak a presence which is curiously striking, for it gives assurance of thought about the last day, when, somewhere in earth's bosom, her children must lie down to their rest, and the fever, the toil, and strife, and passion be at peace. It matters little to what motive the original selection of a spot in these grounds may be ascribed. An over-curious or unkind observer would attribute it to an example or a fashion that make their appeal to vanity or ostentation. We are not curious in such analyses. We look only for the effect ; and that we believe must be of a salutary and refining character, when the first choice of the spot is followed by minute attention to its appropriate embellishment, and frequent thought of it as the last home, and occasional visits to a place whose peculiar and religious beauty would penetrate the most confirmed votary of the world.

Of the excellent moral effect which this institution is beginning to exert upon the city in the neighborhood of which it is established — silent and imperceptible though it be in its direct tendencies — there

can be little doubt. It is no slight benefit, that numbers of a whole population should interest themselves in cultivating and adorning such an institution. It is no slight moral good, that old and young, and middle aged, the grave, the gay, the weary, and the ardent, the confident and the disappointed, should alike concern themselves in preparation for their final resting-place ; should be familiar with its scenery, and regard it as a second home, whither they may at any time be called to remove ; should mark how it looks abroad upon the quiet face of nature, but a little way separated from the loud hum of the world, and how the heavens look down upon it, and how happily destitute it is of all the forbidding and pent-up aspects of the church-yard. Age, just tottering to lay down the burden of life, pleases itself with expending a portion of that wealth, so soon to be resigned, in an object which seems not wholly without religious and pious claims. Youth delights to feel that the blank condition of death will not be unaccompanied with the softening circumstances which taste and beautiful forms and graceful scenery can throw around it. But it is, after all, to affliction that this institution has afforded its greatest blessing and its most perceptible influence. We may be imaginative about it — but we have fancied that we could perceive, since its establishment, that a change was gradually coming over the scene of domestic grief, in cases where the departed have been borne to their rest here ; that the deep and less holy traces of suffering were sooner worn out, while in their places remained a sad but softer presence, which took from distress much of its bitterness and all of its despair. We have noted mourners, who have returned to the world, less with an iron nerve upon the heart, than with a gentle and — if it were not a paradox — with a cheerful grief. Such must be the tendency of an institution uniting so much beauty of scenery with so much appropriateness for the simple purpose for which it is designed. This will be readily felt by all who are familiar with the spot : and to those who have not seen it, it is almost impossible to convey an idea of its rich and varied beauty by mere description.

The grounds now occupied as the Cemetery, lie about five miles from Boston, in the county of Middlesex, on the borders of the towns of Cambridge and Watertown. Although they must have worn the same general appearance, and have been nearly as well and variously wooded as they now are, for five and twenty, or thirty years past, yet they were comparatively but little known before they were appropriated to their present purpose. Many persons knew that there lay in that direction some fine woods, spread over grounds of a very romantic character, which passed under the classical name of Sweet Auburn. Few, however, had ever penetrated into those curious and quiet dells, which now form so attractive and remarkable a feature of

the place; unless it were now and then a sportsman, whom the hope of woodcock or partridge lured into their retreats. When it was determined to appropriate this spot for a public cemetery and garden, and the grounds were laid out and opened for the ceremonies of consecration, every one was struck with its novel scenery. It would hardly be possible for Art to create and lay out, even in miniature, a spot so suitable for the object to which this is devoted. Here and there, rounded, curving mounds rise out of the earth, and running parallel with each other, or perhaps meeting at their ends, form deep sequestered basins of an irregular but graceful shape. To some of these elevations of ground, tradition, here as elsewhere, has assigned an origin in the labors of the more ancient Aborigines of the country. But a close observation will dispel any supposed necessity for resorting to such a theory; though it may be admitted that if they are the works of Nature, they are obviously to be classed among her freaks. They are now closely wooded, and the sun struggles down through the foliage so imperfectly, as to create only a dim and religious light at noon day. Around the sides, upon the edges, and through the areas of these dells, tombs, and monuments, and obelisks, are scattered; and the different enclosures are planted with flowers and shrubs, which mark the care and taste of their proprietors. The names which meet the eye are of those familiar in the busy walks and daily intercourse of life; and he who goes out to walk amid this rural city of the dead, is conscious of a strange and appropriate *home* feeling, at recognizing the places of his kindred, neighbors, and friends, as he recognizes their dwellings in the world.

There is one restriction which we hope that private munificence will enjoin upon itself in the embellishments of this place. Splendid and costly as we hope to see the public decorations set up there, we should be sorry to see individual wealth introducing an eager and extravagant rivalry, which could only tend to lower the sacredness of the institution and vitiate the public taste, in a country where the arts of design and embellishment are yet in their infancy. Let individual wealth please itself, and benefit the public, by the erection of tasteful, and, if it will, of costly models: but let it take good heed that it sets up only such as are appropriate, and that it does not destroy all the good effect of its example by leaving the majority far behind.

So universal is the spirit of speculation and the *suspicion* of speculation at the present day, that the idea has even prevailed to some extent, that this institution is some how or other connected with moneyed schemes, and that its proprietors have derived, or propose to derive, from it, a revenue to themselves. We have been informed that those who have the management of its affairs have heard of this rumor with pain and surprise; and we do not wonder that they have.

So far as in us lies, we will endeavor to correct this impression, by stating the plan and objects of the institution; though we do so without any other authority than what a knowledge of the truth confers, and are not wholly confident but that, in making the statement, we are endeavoring to vindicate those who are alike without need of vindication, as they are above any substantial occasion for it.

The grounds are held in fee simple by the corporation, which, acting through its trustees, disposes of such a portion as the purchaser may choose, at a uniform price, and generally in lots of three hundred feet square. The lots are taken subject to certain general regulations and privileges; and the purchaser, by the mere act of the sale, becomes a proprietor and corporator. No other revenue, it is obvious, can be derived to the establishment than such as the sale of the lots will yield; and although this has hitherto been not inconsiderable, yet any one who will be at pains to observe the magnitude and importance of the improvements which the Trustees have made, and will for years feel it their duty to make as fast as their resources will permit, can suppose that the institution will ever earn for itself any thing that will not quickly re-appear upon the premises.* It is to be borne in mind, that the whole thing was from the first an experiment, instituted by enlightened, liberal, and patriotic men; and that it has not entirely failed is cause of great public congratulation; that it is an institution of considerable annual expense; and that the public ornaments, enclosures, and buildings, which must be erected to carry out the original plan in a degree of elegance uniform with the character and importance of the place, are not to be obtained without funds. Three leading and important objects are now inviting the attention of the Trustees. They desire to enclose the whole of the grounds in an iron or stone fence, to erect a Temple upon the principal eminence, and to build a granite gateway at the main entrance, after the splendid Egyptian model in wood, which for the present occupies the spot. To the accomplishment of these objects, in the order of their relative importance, we understand they are now earnestly directing their efforts; and we trust that, instead of discouragement and disfavor, they will meet with public sympathy and aid. These great acquisitions will certainly be reached sooner or later; and it rests with the public to hasten the day when this most unique institution in the country will be placed beyond the reach of accident, and be endowed with durable

* In the charter creating the Mount Auburn Corporation, after enacting that the proceeds of the sales of lots shall annually be divided between that Corporation and the Horticultural Society (who formerly owned the grounds) in certain proportions, it is declared—"That the money so retained by the Corporation created by this Act, shall be for ever devoted and applied to the preservation, improvement, embellishment, and enlargement of the said Cemetery and Garden, and the incidental expenses thereof, and for no other purpose whatsoever." Charter, sec. 10.

and splendid ornaments that may go down with it to posterity. It would be difficult to point to a more worthy object of donation, or one that could more illustrate the munificence of the donor.

On the whole, we think the Cemetery is well established in the affections and regards of the public, and that it is every day becoming more popular. It is certainly popular with all classes to visit and enjoy its scenery; and to those who have been called into its peaceful enclosures in the sad discharge of funeral rites, it must be the last spot on earth they would wish to see fall into neglect or decay.

Every one will remember Miss Kemble's sneer at the gateway, which she discovered to be made of wood in imitation of granite; which we take occasion here to notice, because it may have conveyed an idea to persons at a distance not complimentary to the taste and liberality of those who erected it. The Egyptian gateway at the principal entrance was erected only for a temporary model, to be replaced by one of granite when the funds should be sufficient for that purpose. It was built with all the exactness of a model, and so painted as to resemble granite, in order that the public, as we suppose, might at once appreciate the effect of such a building when the present materials should be succeeded by solid masonry. And we think this was wisely done. Individuals, or the public, disposed to aid in the accomplishment of the object, can now realize its importance and beauty.

THE SUPERCELESTIAL DRUNKARD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A VET'RAN toper, who, with comrades boon,
Had guzzled deep, till far beyond the noon
Of night, and then o'ercome, no longer able
To keep his seat, had fall'n beneath the table,
And prostrate there, in brutal stupor lay,
Snoring the liquor's fuddling fumes away —
Was by his cooler compotator's aid,
Rais'd, rous'd, reviv'd; then, having duly paid
The landlord's bill, and somewhat sober'd feeling,
Wended his way homeward, slowly — reeling.

While thus alone, by moonlight staggering, he
In merry mood, elate, and "fancy free,"
Mov'd zigzag onward through the silent street,
Wishing some friend conversable to meet,
The broad full moon, then in the azure sky
Sailing sublime, caught his bedimmed eye.
— Instant the toper check'd his tottering walk,
To hold with Night's calm ruler social talk.

Smirking with an insinuating smile,
 (Intent his tiresome ennui to beguile)
 He kindly spoke, as man speaks with his friend
 When chat for pastime is his aim and end.

Though bland his speech and soft, th' unsocial moon,
 Vouchsaf'd no answer to the drunken loon,
 (For that pale satellite, careering high,
 To man's or dog's address ne'er deigns reply.)

This rous'd the orator's indignant ire,
 And fairly set his frenzied brain afire!
 (For men, alas! who *Bacchi plenus* are,
 Aye deem themselves the shrewdest, wisest far;
 And then are ever least disposed to brook,
 Slight or neglect implied in word or look.)

Forthwith the hair-brain'd madcap, in his rage,
 Resolv'd a furious war of words to wage
 Against th' offending moon — for 'twas too much,
 He felt, to bear unmark'd, in silence, such
 Contemptuous, scornful treatment of himself;
 So, bristling up at once, thus spoke the elf: —

“Thou broad-faced, cheese-shap'd, awkward, clumsy clown,
 Who with unmeaning stolid stare look'st down
 In insolent stupidity on all
 Who dream or drivel on this mundane ball,
Clear thou the way — for certainly I ne'er
 Will yield to thy impertinent career!”

The placid moon, as well may be inferr'd,
 Gave little heed to mandate so absurd;
 But quietly pursued his* path, as though
 Disdaining such a brawling, drunken foe.

The toper, more incensed, resumed: — “Thou fool!
 Unmindful of good breeding's golden rule,
 Dost doubtless in thy silly pride conceive
 Thou may'st take amiss — perhaps dost e'en believe
 That thou, because thou mov'st *in circles higher*,
 May'st deference from the human race require;
 That when thy bottle nose thou rear'st aloft,
 Men's hats should instant reverently be doff'd!”

“But, brainless simpleton! I tell thee plain,
 For such regards from me thou look'st in vain!
 Say, why should mortal man defer to thee?
 What claim hast thou to homage, sir, from me?
 On better base my own pretensions stand;
 From thee I justly may respect demand!
 But *once a month* thou *fulness* dost display,
 While I (pray mark it well) am *full*, sir — *every day!*”

* In the German language the moon is masculine; and, for obvious reasons, the translator has thought proper, in this article, to retain the sex.

THE WANDERING JEW.

THE Wandering Jew is a fictitious personage, who figures in certain legendary tales founded on an occurrence which is traditionally said to have happened at Jerusalem at the time of Christ's crucifixion. According to the more current account, the Saviour, when fatigued by the burden of the cross on his way to Calvary, stopped to rest himself by reclining against the house of a Jew named Ahasverus. The zealous Israelite, enraged by this fancied profanation of his premises, rudely ordered Christ to leave the spot, and proceed, assailing him in his wrath with a torrent of denunciations and reproaches. Jesus cast a mild look at the passionate man, and said, — "Thou shalt wander on the face of the earth till I come !" Ahasverus, confounded by the rebuke from the Saviour's eye, and internally acknowledging the force and authority of the sentence, did not recover the use of his faculties until after the procession had passed on, and the streets were deserted and silent. Then, in obedience to the command, and impelled by remorse and an ardent, irrepressible longing for dissolution then first felt, he commenced his wandering career, and since wanders perpetually from place to place, and from country to country, in the vain search of a grave and repose. Thus the legend.

Impostors personating this character, have at various periods appeared in Europe. Matthew Paris, the historian, who flourished in the reign of Henry III. of England, relates that, "in the year 1228, an Arminian prelate arrived in England, whose servant declared that his master had often entertained that singular personage, the Wandering Jew. Cartaphilus, as the Jew was named, when asked to explain his history, used to relate that, being keeper of the Judgment Hall under Pontius Pilate, when Jesus passed out of the assembly he struck him on the back with his hand, and said deridingly — "Go, Jesus, quickly ; why dost thou tarry ?" Jesus turned, and with a severe look said — "I go ; but thou shalt tarry till I come !" This was the occasion and origin of his wandering life, and according to the word of the Lord, Cartaphilus yet tarried. Whenever he attains a hundredth year, he is suddenly seized with an incurable infirmity, and snatched away in a trance or an ecstasy. On recovering, he finds himself restored to the same period of life, the age of thirty, at which he was when his zeal and heed-

less folly urged him to the perpetration of that act of cruel insult for which he was suffering perduring punishment. As the Christian faith spread abroad among the Gentiles and the Heathen, Cartaphilus embraced its doctrines, and was baptized by Ananias, receiving the name of Joseph. His chief place of abode was in Armenia, but he sojourned also in other regions of the earth, residing chiefly among bishops and prelates. He seemed to be a man of holy life and exemplary deportment, using few words in conversation; and was grave and circumspect, awaiting the coming of the Lord with fear and weeping. Many came to him from parts remote, whose questions he readily answered, but declined receiving their gifts; being content with simple food and plain raiment."

Another impostor, affecting the same character, appeared at Hamburg in the year 1547. He called himself Ahasverus, and stated that at the time of the crucifixion he dwelt in Jerusalem, near the gate leading to Mount Calvary, and was a shoemaker by profession. When Jesus, fatigued with bearing the cross, desired to be permitted to rest in his shop, he repulsed and struck him; and had from that moment been discontented and restless, constrained to lead a wandering life, and felt that he should so continue.

A similar impostor figured in London about a century and a half ago. He spoke several languages fluently, was well versed in general history, said he had been personally acquainted with all the apostles; had been intimate with Mahomet's father, and was present when Nero set Rome on fire. In London, he acted as a public mountebank, and professed to cure diseases by the touch. He left England suddenly and secretly; but was said to have appeared subsequently in the countries bordering on the Caspian.

There is no authentic account of the appearance of this celebrated personage in any part of America, though we have the testimony of one witness to the fact that he actually crossed the Atlantic. About forty years ago, a German emigrant assured a clergyman in Pennsylvania that the veritable Wandering Jew, in propria persona, had come to the United States in the same vessel in which he himself had voyaged to this country. He described him as a middle-sized man, melancholy, taciturn, and remarkably reserved; pacing the deck continually during the voyage, and being withal very abstemious in meat and drink. When asked to give a more minute description of the peripatetic Hebrew's person, he said — "he looked for all the world precisely like the little deaf shoemaker" — an industrious pounder and compounder of leather, then resident in the town in which this important communication was made. As nothing further was heard of the pedestrian in the

"white settlements," and he has not since re-appeared in Europe or Asia, it is probable that he immediately wended his way towards the Rocky Mountains, to enjoy his favorite system of locomotion among the *wandering tribes* of the "Far West;" though a gentleman, who lately spent a "Winter" there, and kept all his faculties on the *qui vive* for matters new and strange, appears not to have heard of the traveller in any part of his course. It is not recollected whether the emigrant and his ever-roaming fellow-passenger landed at New-York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore; and if perchance, hereafter, that matter be deemed of any importance, we fear it must ever remain a subject of doubt and debate between those great rival capitals — even as the honor of having given birth to Homer was erst disputed by seven illustrious cities of Greece!

The legend relative to this imaginary being is supposed by some to be intended to represent figuratively the moral lot of those so called rationalists in religion, whose harsh temperaments and warped minds render them unsusceptible of the attractions and loveliness of every thing heavenly and holy. Others regard the Wandering Jew as prefiguring and representing the lamentable condition of his own unhappy, restless, and discontented nation; which, for hardness of heart, is dispersed over the whole earth, without a country properly its own, and doomed to remain thus in blindness, exiled and wandering, till the fulness of the Gentiles be come in and the second advent of Christ is at hand.

This legendary punishment of unbelief and hardness of heart, by which a hapless individual is represented as condemned to become a perpetual wanderer on the face of the earth, and a contemporary of all succeeding ages, was sufficiently remarkable and striking to arrest the attention of poets and writers of romance, and to incite their imaginations to embellish it with fictitious incidents. In English literature, Salathiel, Melmoth, and the Doomed, are perhaps the more extensively known productions based on this legend. We are not aware that it has been made the subject of any English poem, ballad, or drama. Among the Germans it has found more general favor. A. W. Schlegel wrote a romance founded thereon, which was first published in the "*Musen-Almanack*" for the year 1802, under the title of "*Die Warnung*;" and there are numerous tales scattered in the periodicals of that country, constructed on the same basis, though few of them possessed sufficient merit to secure to them more than a transient popularity. Goethe, in his delightful and unique autobiography — "*Dichtung und Wahrhest, das meinem Leben*"* — gives us a rapid sketch of a poem which

* It may be remarked, in passing, that the existing English translation of this interesting and entertaining work is too tame and imperfect to convey any adequate idea of the merits of the original.

he once contemplated producing, to which the general scope of this legend was to be made subservient, and in which he had actually made some progress. The following extract will exhibit at least the outlines of his plan, and show that he meditated a work of sufficient breadth and amplitude to require and engage all the resources of his high genius and very versatile powers.

"As every subject," says Goethe, "which I revolved with ardor in my mind, immediately assumed a poetic form, I conceived the idea of treating epically the legend of the Wandering Jew, which popular tales had in my childhood strongly impressed on my imagination; intending to use the legend as a medium for presenting the prominent points and facts of ecclesiastical and civil history. My conception of the story, and the figurative signification which I designed it should express, I will now explain.

"There is supposed to have dwelt in Jerusalem, a shoemaker, to whom the legend assigns the name of Ahasverus. My old acquaintance, the good cobbler of Dresden, served me for a model of the characteristic traits of the man. I proposed describing him as possessing the spirit and quaint humor of Hans Sacks, and meant to dignify him with a prepossession in favor of Jesus. As he was fond of conversing with the passing multitude whilst at work in his open shop, and delighted in teasing them with brusque remarks, or addressing them in a Socratic manner, his neighbors and others of the populace were in the habit of collecting there to enjoy his company and listen to his observations. The Pharisees and the Sadducees likewise were wont to repair thither, and even Christ and his disciples not unfrequently visited him. The worthy shoemaker, whose mind was wholly intent on mere worldly objects, yet conceived a strong predilection for Jesus, which manifested itself principally in an earnest endeavor to convert that eminent personage, whose character and mission he by no means understood, to his own mode of thinking and acting. With this view he repeatedly and urgently solicited Christ to forsake his contemplative mode of life, to cease wandering about with the idle multitude, and to refrain from withdrawing the people from their business pursuits into the solitudes of the desert; inasmuch as an assembled multitude is ever easily excitable to evil, and no good was therefore likely to result from his course and conduct.

"Christ, on the other hand, sought to apprise him by means of parables of his lofty and important views and objects, but failed to produce any effect on the mind of the self-sufficient man. Consequently, when his words and miracles rendered him continuing more prominent in the public eye, he became an object of still greater and more absorbing interest to the well-meaning mechanic, who re-

proved him the more severely and energetically, representing to him that popular commotions and insurrectionary movement would be the inevitable consequence of the position he was assuming, and that he would necessarily be constrained ere long to assume the character of a party leader, which could not possibly be his real design. Matters stood in this condition until the seizure and condemnation of Christ, which resulted in the crucifixion. Ahasverus was greatly affected by the arrest of his favorite and the danger which impended over him. This feeling was greatly augmented when Judas, who had apparently betrayed the Lord, entered his shop in despair, bewailing his unfortunate deed; and stated that he, as well as the shrewdest of the other disciples, had been firmly convinced that Christ meant to proclaim himself, at a fitting season, as regent and protector of the Jewish people; and that, in order to force his master, whose reluctance was manifest, to take a decided step and commit himself, he had incited the priesthood to active measures, such as they had therefore refrained from employing. As the disciples were at that period not unarmed, all would probably have ended happily had not Christ surrendered himself to his enemies, and left his disciples in the utmost jeopardy. Ahasverus, by no means attuned to mildness by this narration, assails the hapless ex-apostle in a strain of such objugation, that the wretched man hastily departs, goes out and hangs himself. When Jesus was subsequently conducted to Calvary, and passed the shop of the shoemaker, the well-known scene of the sufferer sinking down exhausted under the burden of the cross occurred; and Simon of Cyrene was compelled to carry it further. Ahasverus, after the manner of self-sufficient and self-willed men, who, when they see a person unfortunate by their own fault, as they conceive, feel no compassion, but rather, impelled by an ill-timed notion of justice, increase the sufferer's misery by taunts and reproaches — stepped forth and recounted the numerous admonitions and warnings he had given; and thus indirectly accused Christ of obstinate persistence in a course obviously tending to an unhappy issue, though forewarned by the friendly voice of one who had felt a deep interest in his welfare. The Saviour replied not; but at that instant the affectionate Veronica covered his face with her kerchief; and when she removed it and held it up to view, Ahasverus beheld impressed thereon the features of the Lord, not as then present and suffering, but transfigured, radiant with glory, and beaming heavenly effulgence. Dazzled by the sight, he averted his eyes, and heard these memorable words — “Thou shalt wander on the earth till thou behold me again thus appearing!” The conscience-stricken man recovered his self-possession slowly, and found that the procession had passed on, and the streets of

Jerusalem were silent and deserted, the populace having flocked to the place of execution. Remorse and despair then urged him away, and he commenced his wandering career.

"I may perhaps hereafter furnish some further notice of the course of his wanderings, as I had sketched them, and of the denouement which was intended to close, but did not conclude, the poem. The introductory portion, some detached parts, and the close, I had composed; but I was in want of the requisite historical facts and collections, and had not leisure to prosecute the studies necessary to give it the form and character I designed it to assume; and the few scattered fragments were the more readily suffered to lie neglected, as about this period an epoch in my mental history more fully developed itself, which had already exercised an influence over me when I wrote *Werther*, and operated on me still more strongly when I subsequently perceived the effects of that publication."

This notice of the introductory part and general plan of Goethe's proposed poem, we find, occupies more space than we anticipated; and we are therefore compelled to pass in silence some minor productions of other writers, in prose and verse, founded on the same legend. To these minor productions the gifted author of "*Salathiel*" adverts, in the introduction to that work, in the following terms:

"A number of histories have been invented for the Wandering Jew; some purely fictitious, others founded on ill-understood records. Germany, the land of mysticism, where men labor to think all facts imaginary, and turn all imagination into fact, has toiled most in this idle perversion of truth. Yet those narratives have been in general but a few pages, feebly founded on the single, fatal sentence of his punishment for an indignity offered to the Great Author of the Christian Faith."

To illustrate what is here said of these brief productions, and to rescue them in some degree from the censure—unduly harsh, it seems to us—which is cast on them by so distinguished and popular a writer, was the object of the subjoined attempt at "doing into English" one of the more current of these compositions. It is the work of the unfortunate Schubart; and, brief and imperfect as it is, the original may be cited as a fair specimen of its author's terse, energetic, and expressive style. It may be proper to observe, that it appears to have been the effusion of the moment, poured forth probably without premeditation, at the instant when his mind conceived the idea of using the legend for the basis of an epic poem; and what he has given us is therefore to be regarded as hints and memorandums, as an outline or skeleton to be filled up, amplified, and extended at a

subsequent period. It is, in fact, merely a fragment of a larger poem, which its author projected but did not live to complete. His design, as his biographer informs us, was to make the legend subservient to the purposes of epic poetry; to connect with a recital of the wanderer's imaginary adventures, an historic review of the revolutions of empires, and a notice of such prominent occurrences in the history of mankind within the period elapsed since the Christian era, as have had influence on the moral, intellectual, civil, or religious condition and relations of man. The conception was bold, and in the main points original; and had the poet survived to carry out his design, the result would probably have been alike honorable to his fame and creditable to the literature of his country.

The translation of the fragment is believed to be as literal as possible; and if it be found to retain little of the spirit and energy of the original, it should be charitably borne in mind that the transfusion of the etherial essence which pervades and animates such productions, in a language peculiarly copious and expressive, is of difficult achievement for one who feels that he is not "born a poet," and conceives himself bound to be faithful alike to the ideas and the phraseology of his author.

THE WANDERING JEW.

A RHAPSODY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF C. F. D. SCHUBART.

Forth from Carmel's darkest mountain cave
Crept Ahasver. — "'Tis near two thousand years
That his unquiet foot hath roamed the world.

* * * * *
When Jesus bore the burden of the cross,
And stopped to rest at Ahasverus' door,
The wretch denied him that sad privilege
— Spurning the Saviour scornfully away!
Jesus, o'ercome beneath the burden, sunk,
But mute, in agony. Death's angel then
Approached Ahasver, and indignant, said;
—"The rest thou didst deny t' the Son of Man;
Be it denied, inhuman wretch! to thee;
Till HE come, shalt thou tarry!"

* * * * *
A demon,
Hell-born and black, since scourges Ahasver
From clime to clime — Mortality's repose,
The grave's sweet peaceful sleep, to him denied!

* * * * *
Forth from Carmel's darkest cavern dank
Stept Ahasver. He shook the gather'd dust

From his white beard ; took from a mouldering pile
 A human skull, and cast it down amain
 From Carmel's heights. Bounding on, resounding,
 It was shattered. "That was my father!" howl'd
 Ahasverus. Another skull! ha, yet
 Another! till seven had rattled down
 From rock to rock! "And this—and this—and this,"
 (With red protruding eye thus raved the Jew,
 "This—this—and this—and this—these were my wives!"
 Skull still follow'd skull. "And these—and these—and these,"
 Roar'd Ahasverus—"these my children were!
 Ha, they could die! But I, unhappy I,
 I cannot die! for, oh, a judgment dire
 Hangs, terror-howling, ever o'er my head!"

* * * * *
 "Jerusalem fell! I slew the infant babe;
 I rush'd into the flames—defied the foe!
 Still, still, alas! the ever-during CURSE
 Unharm'd preserv'd me—I escap'd and liv'd!

* * * * *
 "Rome, Rome, the giantess, declined and fell!
 I placed myself beneath the tott'ring ruin;
 Rome fell, as giants fall—but crushed not me!

* * * * *
 "Nations arose before me—nations vanished;
 But I remain'd and died not! From a bleak
 And cloud-capt cliff I madly cast myself
 Into the raging sea. The foaming waves
 Cast me ashore, and BEING's bright
 And flame-tipp'd wand again my life prolong'd!

* * * * *
 "I gaz'd down into Ætna's fiery gulf,
 And plung'd with frantic rage into th' abyss.
 With giant Cyclops there ten years I howl'd
 My doleful cry, and haunted with my groans
 The sulphurous crater—yea, ten years I howl'd!
 But Ætna heaved, and in a lava stream,
 'Mid showering ashes, spew'd me forth. I liv'd!

* * * * *
 "A forest blaz'd, and desperately I rush'd
 Into the crackling wood. From burning trees
 Fire rain'd upon me, and the raging flames
 Scorch'd all my limbs—yet was I not consum'd!

* * * * *
 "I mingled with the slayers of mankind,
 And in the battle's storm all hazards dared;
 Bade Gaul's defiance, and defied likewise
 Th' unconquer'd Germans' fierce and bloody rage.
 But spear and jav'lin broke, and harm'd me not!
 Against my brow the high-swung scimeter
 Of cruel Saracens was dash'd—and shatter'd!
 Balls rain'd upon my body; but they fell
 Harmless, as peas upon an iron shield.
 Red battle's lightnings circumblazed my loins,
 Scathless, as peaked cloud-hid cliffs are left.

* * * * *
 "In vain the elephant trod me under foot;
 And the iron'd hoof of the proud war-steed,
 Whose neck was thunder-cloth'd, struck me in vain!
 The treach'rous mine, bursting, my body hurl'd
 High in the air; headlong to earth I fell,
 And found myself, 'midst blood, and brains, and limbs
 Of comrades' mangled corpses—still alive!

* * * * *

" On me the giant's steel-edg'd weapon broke ;
 The hangman's hand was palsied at my neck ;
 The tiger's tooth grew dull against my skin ;
 No hungry lion tore me in the cirque !
 I lodg'd with venomous serpents ; and I pluck'd
 Th' enraged dragon's blood-entinctured crest.
 The serpents struck their fangs — but poison'd not !
 The dragon seiz'd me — but he could not kill !

* * * * *

" Defiance then to tyrants I proclaim'd.
 I said to Nero — ' Thou art a bloodhound !'
 I said to fierce Christiern — ' A bloodhound thou !'
 To Muley Ismael I said — ' Thou, thou,
 E'en thou, a bloodhound art !' The tyrants fram'd
 Tortures ineffable — but slew me not !

* * * * *

" Forbid to die ! ha, ha, forbid to die !
 Forbid from life's long toil to seek repose ;
 And doom'd this clay-clad frame, of death-like hue,
 With its infirmities and pains, to bear
 Through waning centuries ; ever to behold
 That yawning, withering monster — SAMENESS,
 And restless, genial, ravenous TIME,
 For aye producing and devouring too !

* * * * *

" Forbid to die ! ha, ha, forbid to die !
 Oh, thou heav'n-thron'd Avenger, is there yet
 Stor'd in thine armory severer doom ?
 Then let it fall in thunder on my head !
 Oh, let the rage of elemental war
 Hurl me from Carmel's cliffs, till at the base
 I prostrate fall — and pant — and writhe — and DIE !"

* * * * *

Down sunk Ahasver. Sweet sounds sooth'd his ear,
 And night seal'd close his weary, pained lids.
 An angel bore him back into the cave,
 And said — " Sleep softly now, Ahasver ! sleep !
 Sweet sleep enjoy ! God's not inexorable ;
 And when thou wak'st again, He will be here
 Whose blood thou sawest in Golgotha flow,
 And who will pardon even thee !"

Postscript. — A friend, to whose perusal the foregoing was submitted, pointed out to me a prose translation of the same article in the Notes to Percy Bysshe Shelley's "QUEEN MAB," (See Shelley's Poetical Works, Grigg's Philadelphia Library edition, 1831, page 132.) Mr. Shelley appears not to have known the author's name, though he evidently regarded the piece as possessing no inconsiderable portion of literary merit. He says of it — "The foregoing is a translation of part of some German work, whose title I have vainly endeavored to discover. I picked it up, dirty and torn, some years ago, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields."

The translation herewith offered to the American Monthly was made in the summer of 1829, though the introductory article was not prepared till the spring of 1834, during an interval of leisure. The critical reader will readily perceive sufficient dissimilarity between this performance and Mr. Shelley's, to satisfy him that the

one is not a copy of the other. In the later editions of Schubart's Works there are some omissions in this article, and also slight variations in the text; and a fragment of one of those later copies probably fell into the hands of Mr. S. The present translator has preferred adhering to the text in its original state.

MOONLIGHT MUSING.

How coldly bright the silent moon
Above yon cloudy pillar shines!
How sweetly on the quivering wave,
Reflected, gleam her silvery lines!
The air is still, and from each sphere
Of sapphire in the distant skies,
Like rays of diamonds, soft and clear,
Look down a myriad starry eyes.

Above — the heavens are all undimm'd;
Below — save on the horizon's verge,
Where one gold-tinted vapor stands,
There drifts no pale and misty surge;
Around — save where the forests throw
Their dark collected shadows down —
The landscape's broad and smiling brow
Seems not to wear a single frown.

The peaceful silence of the night
Into the secret soul descends,
And dreams of high and holy thought
This scene of love, transporting, lends.
I would not give an hour like this,
In heavenly musing sweetly past,
For days and years of common bliss,
Or joys of earth that cannot last.

In such an hour my spirit goes
Beyond the narrow shades of Time,
And soars away on tireless wing
To scenes unfading and sublime;
To realms, whose pure and perfect light
Is faintly mirrored in each gem
That glitters in the zone of Night,
Or glows upon her diadem!

P. B.

VICTOR HUGO'S LUCREZIA BORGIA.

THE French revolution of the last century was not without its effect upon the dramatic literature of the country which it convulsed. The theatre being a place of resort which the Parisians never desert, even during their stormiest political epochs, was sure to be influenced by the commotions of the people. It is worthy of note that Talma first rose to celebrity in the year 1789, which was also the date of the commencement of the revolution. This great actor made some important innovations on the code of his predecessors : he no longer played Cato in a court dress of the age of Louis XIV., nor did he submit to those shackles which had, until his time, impeded alike the genius of actor and of poet. For Talma was reserved the glory of vindicating the reputation of his profession, at the same time that he earned for himself a deathless renown. Other actors followed in his footsteps ; and the French dramatists, imitating the example of their boldness, claimed and obtained for themselves an extension of their poetical privileges. The romantic school sprang up and denied the necessity of crippling genius with those restrictions which Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire had suffered uncomplaining. It was no longer considered important to condense the action of an event within the narrow space of a few hours, and to crowd all the characters and all the incidents into a single apartment. The modern dramatists of France no longer condemn as barbarous the daring of Shakspeare in transporting us from clime to clime, from year to year, through many a varied scene, and all within the compass of a single play. They have dared likewise to deny the necessity of writing a tragedy, or a tragic drama, in rhyme ; and prose now forms a common vehicle for the conveyance of the loftiest sentiments. Could Pierre Corneille rise from the dead and witness the representation of a romantic drama at the Porte St. Martin, what horror would his venerable shade profess !

It is not, however, to be doubted for a moment that the poetical license adopted by modern French dramatists has in many instances been pushed to an excess. The political revolution deluged Paris with the blood of its best citizens, the dramatic revolution inundated the theatre with blood. Where a writer of the old school would have conducted his victim behind the scenes, that, like Julius Cæsar, he might die with decency, a modern dramatist immolates

him in the very gaze of the audience. Nor is this all. A plain murder or a conjugal infidelity were crimes black enough to electrify the polished *siècle de Louis Quatorze*; but now the loyal subjects of the Citizen-king must have fratricide, parricide, and crimes of passion almost too horrible to name.

M. Victor Hugo is one of the most popular and powerful dramatic authors of the present day. His faults are those of his school, but his merits are his own. Like A. Dumas, he has an unfortunate predilection for revolting subjects, and an obliquity of moral vision which prevents his seeing them in their true light. In France Victor Hugo has been over-estimated; in England and America undervalued, because little known. He has received more than his share of abuse, because he is one of those unfortunate men of genius whom it is much easier to blame than to praise. His faults lie upon the surface of his works; they are gross, numerous, and prominent, courting the eye and amenable to censure. It is easy to perceive that he is guilty of violating historical truth, and that the rules which he prescribes to himself in the composition of his dramas are absurd and unnatural; but it requires more acumen for the English reader to discern the beauties of his style, the charms of that "*crystal prose*," (a phrase by which M. Hugo characterizes *Candide*) in which the dramas of our author (with an exception) are written. Beauty and power distinguish his dialogues, and the conduct of his plots is skilful. We are led on by regular steps from the first scene to the *denouement*; an inexorable fate seems to watch over its victims, and hurry them onward to their tragic end. There is no pause, no flagging of interest, no cessation from excitement; all is wild, terrible, fatal. If such be the effect of these powerful creations in the closet, what must be their force when the language of the author is delivered from the stage with all the beauty of declamation and the truth of nature, by actors dressed in splendid and correct costume, and inspired by the brilliant imagination of the poet!

We propose, in the present paper, to sketch, with what brevity we may, an outline of the story of Lucrezia Borgia, filling it up with translated extracts from the work itself. In the preface to this work the author first promulgated those extraordinary ideas which, he tells us, influenced him in the construction of "*Lucrezia Borgia*" and "*Le Roi S, Amuse*."

"Take (we are quoting his words) the most hideous, the most repulsive, the most complete moral deformity, place it where it will be most apparent, in the heart of a woman gifted with those advantages which give such prominence to crime, physical beauty, and the grandeur of royalty, and still mingle with all this moral de-

formity a pure sentiment, the purest sentiment that woman can experience — maternal feeling ; in your monster place a mother ; and the monster will interest you, the monster will make you weep, and the creature who created fear will create pity, and that deformed soul will in your eyes become almost beautiful.”

It is needless to expose the falsity of this ; it is needless to say that with all his power, the author has failed to create a compassionate interest for the polluted heroine of his drama. Though the monster have a love for her incestuous offspring, she is no less a monster ; the tigress may not tear her young, but she is no less cruel and rapacious. The play excites a thrilling interest, but Lucrezia Borgia herself inspires no feeling but that of horror.

The opening scene of the piece is in Venice. The stage represents a terrace of the Barbarigo palace covered with shade and verdure. The windows of the palace are brilliant with light, and its festive halls resounding with music. Masks are passing to and fro, and gondolas, filled with revellers and music, glide over the canal of La Zueca. The back scene represents the city by moonlight. The characters to which we are introduced, are Gubetta, a secret confidant of Lucrezia Borgia, who passes for a Spaniard ; Gennaro, a young and gallant Venetian captain, whose origin is unknown even to himself ; and Don Apostolo Gazella, Maffio Orsini, Ascanio Petrucci, Oloferno Vitellozzo, and Jeppo Liveretto, young lords of Venice. Their conversation turns upon some sad events of Italian history ; and Gennaro, feeling no interest in these recitals, and complaining of fatigue and ennui, throws himself in a chair upon the terrace just as Jeppo is beginning an historical anecdote, and saying gaily, “ Wake me when Jeppo has finished,” falls asleep.

The anecdote is best told in the words of M. Hugo.

Jeppo. ’Twas in 1480. ———

Gubetta. —’97.

Jeppo. Right,—’97. On a certain night of a Wednesday to a Thursday —

Gubetta. No. Of a Tuesday to a Wednesday.

Jeppo. You are right. On this night, then, a boatman of the Tiber, who lay in his boat along shore to guard his goods, saw something dreadful. It was a little above the church of Santo-Hieronimo. It might be about five hours after midnight. The boatman saw in the obscurity, in the road to the left of the church, two men on foot, walking restlessly about ; after which appeared two others, then three, in all seven. One alone was on horseback. The night was dark enough. In all the houses that faced the Tiber, there was but one window with a light in it. The seven men approached the river-side. He who was mounted, backed his horse to the shore of the Tiber, and then the boatman saw distinctly on the crupper, legs dangling upon one side, a head and arms upon the other — the

corpse of a man. While their comrades lurked at the angles of the streets, two of those on foot took the dead body, swung it furiously twice or thrice, and then launched it into the middle of the Tiber. The moment the body struck the water, the horseman asked a question, to which the two others replied, "Yes, my lord." Then the cavalier turned to the Tiber, and saw something black floating on the water. He asked what it was, and was answered: "My lord, it is the mantle of the dead man." And one of them threw stones at the mantle and sunk it. This done, they all departed together, and took the road to Saint James. This is what the boatman saw.

Maffio. A lugubrious adventure! Was it any one of distinction that these men threw into the stream? This horse has a strange effect upon me;—the assassin on the saddle, and the dead on the crupper!

Gubetta. On this horse there were two brothers.

Jeppo. You have said it, M. de Belverana.* The body was John Borgia, and the horseman was Cæsar Borgia.

Maffio. A family of demons are the Borgia! And tell me, Jeppo, why did the brother kill the brother thus?

Jeppo. I will not tell. The cause of the murder is so abominable, that it should be a mortal sin only to speak of it.

Gubetta. I will tell you. Cæsar, Cardinal of Valencia, killed John, Duke of Gandia, because the two brothers loved the same woman.

Maffio. And who was this woman?

Gubetta. Their sister.

After some further conversation the nobles depart, with the exception of Gubetta, and Gennaro who still remains asleep. Gubetta has an interview with Donna Lucrezia Borgia, who has come to Venice to watch over Gennaro in disguise. She tells Gubetta that she loves Gennaro, and that the pure affection which she bears this young man is beginning to soften her heart and mould her to repentance; in proof of which she orders Gubetta to set at liberty a number of her victims whom she has thrown into prison. Gubetta's reception of these merciful commands is characteristic.

Gubetta. Stop, stop, Madam! let me breathe. What orders do you give me? My G—d! it rains pardons, it hails mercy, I am inundated with clemency, and I shall never survive this dreadful deluge of good actions!

Donna Lucrezia. Good or bad, what matter, provided that I pay you for them?

Gubetta. Ah! a good action is much more difficult to perform than a bad one. Alas! poor Gubetta that I am. Now that you think of becoming merciful, what's to become of me!

Donna Lucrezia. Hear me, Gubetta. You are my oldest and most faithful confidant.

* Assumed name of Gubetta.

Gubetta. For fifteen years, 'tis true, I have had the honor of being your fellow-laborer.

Donna Lucrezia. Well, tell me, Gubetta, my old friend, my old accomplice, do you not begin to feel the need of changing our way of life? Do you not thirst to be blessed, you and I, as much as we have been cursed? Have you not had enough of crime?

Gubetta. I see you are in a fair way of becoming the most virtuous highness there is.

Donna Lucrezia. Does not our mutual renown, our infamous celebrity, our celebrity for murder and poison, begin to weigh on you, Gubetta?

Gubetta. Not at all. When I pass in the streets of Spoleto, I hear sometimes the clowns that throng about me say:—"Ha! this is Gubetta, Gubetta the stabber, Gubetta the poisoner, Gubetta the hangman;" for they have encircled my name with a glittering aigrette of nicknames. They say all that, and when their voices do not utter it, their eyes speak it. But what of that? I am used to my bad reputation, like a soldier of the pope to mass.

After the scene between Gubetta and herself, Donna Lucrezia, left alone, watches in ecstasy over the sleeping Gennaro. While thus occupied, her husband, Duke of Ferrara, masked and disguised, enters unobserved; and having thus obtained proof of the supposed criminal passion of the Duchess for Gennaro, quits the scene abruptly. Donna Lucrezia wakes Gennaro with a kiss. They converse together, and she draws from him the confession that his soul is consumed by a desire to behold his unknown mother, and that he loves her though ignorant of her name and rank. Having incautiously unmasked herself, Donna Lucrezia is recognized by Maffio, himself unobserved, who, having made the discovery, calls in his comrades. The stage is thronged with lords and ladies, and with pages bearing flambeaux. Lucrezia Borgia hastily puts on her mask.

Maffio, (a flambeau in his hand.) Gennaro! do you wish to know who that woman is to whom you speak of love?

Donna Lucrezia, (aside, beneath her mask.) Just heaven!

Gennaro. You are all my friends, but I swear to God he must be a bold lad who shall touch the mask of this lady. The mask of a woman is as sacred as the face of a man.

Maffio. The woman must first be a woman, Gennaro. But we do not wish to insult this lady, we only wish to introduce ourselves. (*Making one step towards Donna Lucrezia.*) Madam, I am Maffio Orsini, brother of the Duke of Gravina, whom your sbirri strangled in the night while he slept.

Jeppo. Madam, I am Jeppo Liveretto, nephew of Liveretto Vitelli, stabbed at your hest in the vaults of the Vatican.

Ascanio. Madam, I am Ascanio Petrucci, cousin of Pandolfo Petrucci, lord of Sienna, whom you assassinated that you might steal away his city with the greater ease.

Oloferno. Madam, I am called Oloferno Vitellozzo, nephew of Iago d'Appiani, whom you poisoned at a festival, after having traitorously robbed him of his good seignioral citadel of Piombino.

Don Apostolo. Madam, you put to death upon the scaffold Don Francisco Gazella, maternal uncle of Don Alphonso of Arrogan, your third husband, who was killed by your halberds on the landing-place of the staircase of St. Peter. I am Don Apostolo Gazella, cousin of one and son of the other.

Donna Lucrezia. Oh, God!

Gennaro. Who is this woman?

Maffio. And now that we have all told you our names, Madam, do you wish that we should announce yours?

Donna Lucrezia. No! no! Have pity, my lords! Not before him.

Maffio, (unmasking her.) Take off your mask, Madam, and let us see if you can yet blush.

Don Apostolo. Gennaro, this woman, to whom you spoke of love, is a poisoner and aduress.

Jeppo. Incestuous in every degree. Incestuous with her two brothers, who killed each other for love of her.

Donna Lucrezia. Mercy!

Ascanio. Incestuous with her father, who is pope!

Donna Lucrezia. Pity!

Oloferno. Incestuous with her children, if she had any; but heaven refuses them to monsters.

Donna Lucrezia. Enough! enough.

Maffio. Would you know her name, Gennaro?

Donna Lucrezia. Mercy! mercy! my lords!

Maffio. Gennaro, would you know her name?

Donna Lucrezia. (She drags herself to the knees of Gennaro.)
Do not hear them, my Gennaro!

Maffio, (extending his arm.) 'Tis Lucrezia Borgia!

Gennaro, (repulsing her.) Oh!

(She falls, fainting, at his feet.)

The young men, who have thus won a claim to the eternal hatred of Donna Lucrezia, are soon after sent on an embassy to Ferrara, and enter the city which contains their enemy not without some fear and trembling. Jeppo alone affects unconcern. "What can she do to us?" he asks. "Are we not in the service of the Venetian republic? To touch a hair of our heads would be to declare war on the Doge, and Ferrara does not willingly encounter Venice."

Maffio. They can lay you at length in your sepulchre, Jeppo, without touching a hair of your head. There are poisons which do the work of the Borgia without *eclat* and without noise, and much better than the axe or the poignard. Do you remember the manner in which Alexander Sixtus made away with the sultan Zizimi, brother of Bajazet?

Oloferno. And so many others.

Don Apostolo. As to the brother of Bajazet, his history is curi-

ous, and not the less sad. The Pope persuaded him that Charles of France had poisoned him the day they dined together ; Zizimi believed it, and received from the fair hands of Lucrezia Borgia a pretended counter-poison, which, in two hours, delivered his brother Bajazet of him.

Enraged at all he hears of Lucrezia Borgia, and revolted by her pretended love for him, Gennaro resolves to commit some offence, which shall show her more plainly than words the light in which he regards her. He is standing without the palace, under the balcony of which is a large escutcheon of stone, covered with armorial carvings, and bearing this word in large prominent letters of brass, BORGIA.

“ Behold !” cries Gennaro ; “ behold there her execrable palace ! palace of luxury, palace of treason, palace of assassination, palace of adultery, palace of incest, palace of all crimes, palace of Lucrezia Borgia. The mark of infamy, which I cannot stamp upon the brow of this woman, I will at least place on the front of her palace.”

(He mounts the stone bench beneath the balcony, and pries off with his dagger the first letter of the name of Borgia graven on the wall, so that there remains only ORGIA.)

The first scene of the second act is an apartment in the palace of the Duke of Ferrara, who has no sooner dismissed his confidant Rustighello, with orders to station himself within call, armed with a sword, and prepared with a salver containing two flagons, one of which holds poisoned wine, than the Duchess enters in a rage. She recounts the tale of the mutilation of her name upon the palace, and demands vengeance. She receives the Duke’s word — his oath, that the criminal shall die ; but no sooner discovers that he is Gennaro, than she entreats his pardon. Don Alphonso, who has had Gennaro privately arrested, and who has reason to believe that he is the lover of his wife, remains inexorable, although the lady uses all the charms of flattery, and all the eloquence which distinguishes her, in behalf of the prisoner. Still, though the Duke denies her request, he is for a long time courteous in his refusal.

Donna Lucrezia. Why can you not grant me such a trifle as the life of this captain ?

Don Alphonso. Do you ask me why, my love ?

Donna Lucrezia. Yes, why ?

Don Alphonso. Because this captain is your lover, Madam.

Donna Lucrezia. Heaven !

Don Alphonso. Because you have been to seek him in Venice. Because you would have gone to look for him in hell ! Because I followed you while you were following him. Because I saw you

masked, and running after him like the she-wolf after her prey. Because still you are all the time brooding over his image, with a countenance full of flame and full of tears ! Because your person has been his without doubt, Madam. Because there has been enough of shame and infamy and adultery like that. Because it is time I should avenge my honor, and that I should encircle my bed with a moat of blood. Do you hear, Madam !

Donna Lucrezia. Don Alphonso —

Don Alphonso. Silence ! Watch over your lovers henceforth, Lucrezia. Place at the door which opens into your sleeping-room whatever servant you please, but at the door which leads from it there shall now be a porter of my choice — the executioner !

Donna Lucrezia. My lord, I swear to you —

Don Alphonso. Do not swear. Oaths are very good for the people. Do not give me these bad reasons.

Donna Lucrezia. If you knew —

Don Alphonso. Hold, Madam ! I hate the whole of your abominable family of Borgia, and you the first, whom I so blindly loved. I must tell you now, it is a shameful, unprecedented, and marvellous thing to behold in us the alliance of the house of Este, which is better than the house of Valois and the house of Tudor ; the house of Este, I say, and the family of Borgia, which is not even called Borgia, which is called Lenzuoli or Lenzolio, I know not what ! I abhor your brother Cæsar, who has stains of his kinsmen's blood upon his face — your brother Cæsar, who killed your brother John ! I abhor your mother, Rosa Vanozza, the old Spanish courtesan, who scandalizes Rome after having scandalized Valencia. And as to your pretended nephews, the Dukes of Sermoneto and of Nepi, fine dukes, upon my word ! dukes of yesterday ! dukes made with stolen duchies ! Let me end. I abhor your father, who is pope, and who has a seraglio of women like Bajazet, sultan of the Turks — your father, who is Antichrist ; — your father — who peoples the galleys with illustrious persons and the sacred college with brigands ; so that, in seeing them both clad in red, the galley-slaves and cardinals, we ask if it is the galley-slaves who are the cardinals, and the cardinals who are the galley-slaves.

Don Alphonso permits Lucrezia to choose the manner of Gennaro's death — either to behold him slain before her with the sword, or to administer to him the Borgia poison in his wine. She chooses the latter mode, and when left alone with Gennaro, gives him a phial of counter-poison, which saves his life, and makes him promise to leave Ferrara that night. Circumstances, however, induce him to go with his friends to a supper of the princess Negroni, at which Gubetta also is present. A quarrel arising, the ladies leave the banquet, which is continued without them. The close of the revel is as follows.

Gubetta. A drinking-song, my lords ! I am going to sing you a drinking-song, which is much better than the sonnet of the Marquis

Oloferno. I swear by the good old head of my father that I did not make this song, seeing that I am no poet, and that I haven't wit enough to make two rhymes jingle at the end of an idea. Here is my song. It is addressed to M. St. Peter, the famous porter of paradise, and has for its subject the delicate idea that heaven belongs to boon companions.

Jeppo, (aside to Maffio.) He is more than drunk, he is sottish.

Omnes, (Gennaro excepted.) The song! the song!

Gubetta, sings.

St. Peter unbar
To the drunkard, who brings
A voice clear and loud,
And who *Domino* sings.

Omnes, (except Gennaro) in chorus. Gloria Domino.

(They ring their glasses, and burst into laughter. Suddenly voices at a distance are heard chanting in a mournful tone.)

Voices without. Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus. Initium sapientiae timor domini.

Jeppo, (laughing heartily.) Listen, gentlemen. *Corpo di bacco!* while we sing a drinking-song, the echo chants vespers.

Omnes. Let us listen.

Voices without, a little nearer. Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam. (All laugh.)

Jeppo. Sacred music, very clearly.

Maffio. 'Tis some procession passing.

Gennaro. Midnight! 'Tis a little later.

Jeppo. Come, go on, M. de Belverana.

Voices without, approaching nearer and nearer. Oculos habent, et non videbunt. Nares habent, et non adorabunt. Aures habent, et non audient. (All laugh louder.)

Jeppo. Are these monks brawlers?

Maffio. Look, Gennaro. The lamps are going out. Here we are in premature darkness.

(The lamps grow dim as if for want of oil.)

Voices without, still nearer. Manus habent, et non palpabunt, pedes habent et non ambulabunt, non clamabunt in gutture suo.

Gennaro. It seems to me that the voices approach.

Jeppo. The procession appears to me to be at this moment under our windows.

Maffio. These are the prayers for the dead.

Ascanio. 'Tis some funeral.

Jeppo. Let's drink to the health of the man they're going to bury.

Gubetta. How do you know that there are not several?

Jeppo. Well! The health of all of them!

Apostolo to Gubetta. Bravo! And let us continue on our side the invocation to St. Peter.

Gubetta. Speak then more politely: we say, *Monsieur* St. Peter, honorable door-keeper and commissioned turnkey of Paradise. *(He sings.)*

St. Peter, admit now
The drunkard who brings
A voice clear and loud,
And who *Domino* sings.

All. Gloria Domino!

Gubetta.

So huge in his girth
Is this lover of fun,
That you doubt whether he
Is a man or a tun.

Omnes, (clinking their glasses with shouts of laughter.) Gloria Domino!

(The great door in the back scene opens silently in all its extent. You see without a vast hall, hung with black, lighted by some torches, with a huge cross of silver at the end. A long file of black and white penitents, whose eyes only are visible through the holes in their cowls, crosses on their heads and torches in their hands, enter through the great door, chanting with a sinister accent and loud voice,

"De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine!"

Then they range themselves in silence on two sides of the hall, and remain motionless as statues, while the young gentlemen regard them with looks of surprise.)

Maffio. What does this mean?

Jeppo, (forcing a laugh.) Some joke. I wager my horse against a hog, and my name of Liveretto against the name of Borgia, that these are our charming countesses, who are disguised in this fashion to try us; and that if we raise one of these cowls by chance, we shall find beneath the fresh and malicious figure of a pretty woman. You shall soon see.

(He goes laughing to raise one of the cowls, and remains petrified on beholding beneath the livid face of a monk, who remains motionless, with the torch in his hand and his eyes abased. He suffers the cowl to drop, and recoils.)

This is growing strange!

Maffio. I know not why my blood congeals in my veins.

The Penitents, (singing with a loud voice.) Conquassabit capita in terra multorum.

Jeppo. What a frightful snare! Our swords, our swords!* We're at home with the fiend here.

Donna Lucrezia, (appearing suddenly, clad in black, on the threshold.) You are with me.

Omnes, (except Gennaro, who observes every thing from a corner of the stage, where he is unseen by Donna Lucrezia.) Lucrezia Borgia!

Donna Lucrezia. Some days ago, all of you who are here spoke my name with triumph. You pronounce it to-day with trembling.

* They have left them in the antechamber, to guard against mischances over their wine.

Yes, you may look on me with eyes set in terror. It is I, gentlemen. I came to tell you a piece of news, it is that you are all poisoned, my lords, and that there is not one among you who has a single hour to live. Do not go. The hall on that side is full of pikes. It is my turn now to speak loudly, and to crush your heads in my grasp. Jeppo Liveretto, go and rejoin your uncle Vitelli, whom I caused to be poignarded in the vaults of the Vatican! Ascanio Petrucci, go and seek your cousin Pandulfo, whom I assassinated that I might steal his city! Oloferno Vitellozzo, your uncle waits you; you know well, Iago d'Appiani, whom I poisoned at a banquet! Maffio Orsini, speak of me in the other world to your brother Gravina, whom I strangled in his sleep! Apostolo Gazetta, I beheaded your father Francisco; I cut the throat of your cousin, Alphonso of Aragon, you say—go and rejoin them. Upon my word you gave me a ball at Venice, I return the compliment with a supper at Ferrara. Fête for fête, my lords.

Jeppo. This is a rude awaking, Maffio.

Maffio. Let us think of God.

Donna Lucrezia. Ah! my young friends of the last carnival, you did not expect this. *Par dieu!* I seem to be avenged * * * * (*To the monks.*) My fathers, take these gentlemen into the next hall which is prepared, confess them, and profit by the few moments which yet remain to them, to save what may yet be saved of each one of them. Gentlemen, let those among you who have souls, think of it. Be easy: they are in good hands. These worthy fathers are the regular monks of Saint Sixtus, whom our Holy Father, the pope, has permitted to assist me on occasions like the present. And if I have taken care of your souls, I have also taken good care of your bodies. Hold!

(*To the monks who are before the door in the back part.*)

Stand back a little, my fathers, that these gentlemen may see.

(*The monks disperse, and permit a view of five coffins, each covered with a black drapery, ranged before the door.*)

The number is there. There are five. Ah! young people, you lacerate the heart of an unfortunate woman, and you think she will not right herself. Behold your coffin, Jeppo; Maffio, there is yours. Olofermo, Apostolo, Ascanio, behold yours.

Gennaro, (whom she has not hitherto seen, making one step.) There must be a sixth, Madam!

Donna Lucrezia. Heaven! Gennaro!

Gennaro. Himself!

Donna Lucrezia. Let every one go hence. Leave us alone. Gubetta, whatever happens, whatever may be heard without of what passes here, let no one enter.

They are left alone, Gennaro and Lucrezia. The latter entreats her victim to save himself by the counter-poison; but he, learning that there is barely enough for himself, and that more cannot be procured immediately, resolves to die with his companions. But, first, snatching a knife from the table, he swears that Lucrezia Borgia shall not survive him. She entreats him to spare her, tells him

that her death by his hand will be a more frightful crime than he can possibly imagine, and he is beginning to relent, when he hears from without a voice calling on his name.

The voice. Gennaro!

Gennaro. Who calls?

The voice. My brother Gennaro!

Gennaro. 'Tis Maffio!

The voice. I am dying, Gennaro! Revenge me!

Gennaro, (raising the knife.) 'Tis said. I will listen no more. You hear it, Madam, you must die.

Donna Lucrezia, (struggling and holding his arm.) Mercy! mercy! One word more.

Gennaro. No!

Donna Lucrezia. Pardon! Hear me!

Gennaro. No!

Donna Lucrezia. In the name of heaven!

Gennaro. No! (*He stabs her.*)

Donna Lucrezia. Oh! thou hast killed me. Gennaro, I am thy mother!

With this the curtain falls. We have occupied so much space with our extracts from this drama, that we have left ourselves no room for farther comments, and indeed they would be unnecessary. We have quoted enough to prove that "Lucrezia Borgia," although deformed by many faults, is a work of uncommon power, and gives evidence of the author's brilliant imagination and extensive resources. Would that he would listen to the suggestions of those friends who counsel him to abandon the ideas that he has promulgated in his preface to this play, and to strengthen himself by a constant study of Shakspeare, whom M. Hugo professes to admire, but whom he can hardly have read understandingly.

EPITAPH UPON A DOG.

AN ear that caught my slightest tone,
In kindness or in anger spoken;
An eye that ever watched my own,
In vigils death alone has broken;
Its changeless, ceaseless, and unbought
Affection to the last revealing;
Beaming almost with human thought,
And more than human feeling!

Can such in endless sleep be chilled,
 And human pride disdain to sorrow,
 Because the pulse that here was stilled
 May wake to no eternal morrow?
 Can faith, devotedness, and love,
 That seem to humbler creatures given
 To tell us what we owe above!
 The types of what is due to Heaven?

Can these be with the things that *were*,
 Things cherished — but no more returning;
 And leave behind no trace of care,
 No shade that speaks a moment's mourning?
 Alas! my friend, of all of worth,
 That years have stolen or years yet leave me,
 I've never known so much on earth,
 But that the loss of thine must grieve me.

H.

LITTLE WHITE HAT.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

ON the balcony of the castle of Wingenburg stood the new Burgrave, Count Thielo, looking forth upon the beautiful summer morning, and admiring the variegated landscape of hill and dale, woodland and meadow.

"Look Lisberta!" said the Count to his wife, who was leaning upon his arm, lost in admiration at the exquisite prospect. "Look and feast your soul, and rejoice with me that Heaven has so changed our circumstances, and given us that, an hundredth part of which we should have regarded, but a week ago, as a God-send. Look down upon this immense castle, large enough to shelter an army, and strong enough to defend us against any enemy, — and it is ours. Look beyond, and see the green fields, the woods, and the far-distant hills; these, also, are henceforth our own. Yes, dear Lisberta, they will belong for ever to us and to our posterity. We are now among the nobles of the land, and need pay homage to no one, save the Emperor and the Power Above, from whom we derive these earthly blessings."

"Yes, this is more beautiful than our home in Friesland, on the banks of the unhealthy Moorback," answered Lisberta. "But our poverty was not hard to support, with our resignation, our patience, and mutual attachment. Two things troubled me then: one was, that you, for the love of me, the daughter of a captain, should be

bondsman to the Count of Oldenburg, whose equal you are by birth ; and that you were thus obliged to bear a foreign yoke ; and then the anxiety for the future welfare and prosperity of our children. Both these cares are now dispelled, and my life must therefore henceforth be spent in gratitude to the Almighty, who has granted us all these blessings."

"I am still doubtful and surprised," said Count Thielo to himself, "when I think of the messenger, and the first letter, and of the preparations made for my reception at the Bishop's court."

"Let us not think of that," interrupted Lisberta, as she turned her eyes to scan the high walls of the apartment. "As we arrived yesterday, at twilight, a shudder came over me when I thought of it, and the grey walls seemed to totter, and threaten to fall, and the high tower on the Riesenbergr seemed to me like a huge giant, and the light of the watchman seemed like a huge red eye in the middle of his forehead, which frowned upon us as we entered the gate ; and as the castellan met us on the drawbridge, I thought that the spirit of the castle stopped our way, and I could not suppress a scream."

The Count smiled, and put his arms around the slender form of his wife — "No weight lies upon our consciences ; we have come in possession of an inheritance which legally belongs to us ; let us still be what we were when poverty was our companion ; let us not forget charity, nor our devotion and humility, and the rest is in the hands of God, who has suddenly and unexpectedly raised us from our humble poverty to wealth and luxury. To enjoy our own in happiness, is the best return we can offer our benefactor. Let your eyes enjoy the rich scene which presents itself to our view, and which is henceforward yours ; go, and admire the riches and wealth which your ancestors have given you ; be bountiful to your neighbors ; be hospitable to strangers, for in that lies the happiness of a housekeeper ; and, above all, look down into the castle garden, and see our Aldo and Appolonia playing among the flowers. They, too, feel instinctively that all is different here from the flat land which gave them birth ; the feeling of liberty has come upon them, and, like them, let us enjoy our good fortune with light hearts."

"The children have no one to look after them, they may be lost. Wolves and boars run wild in the neighboring woods. Let me send down to them."

"Oh, no !" said the Count. "Children must grow up like the beasts and the flowers. Then only can they become original beings, and not copies or apeing fools. In time to come it will be soon enough to check their spirits. A parent's eye must watch over them, that they go not astray, nor become cripples either in mind or body ; the rest should be left to nature and a wise Providence."

And don't you see Catherine sitting on the bench under the elder tree, apparently dreaming? She is a child of nature, and does her parents no discredit. She will keep her eye on the little ones, and see that they do not carry their play and frolic too far with their new comrades, the Castellian's nephews, and the watchman's children. I have already walked through the garden, and seen that it is surrounded by high walls; and there is no water in the castle ditch, so that your fears are altogether unfounded."

The mother folded her hands, and quieted her fears, as she seated herself on the balcony, still keeping her eyes upon her dear children. Never did she feel happier than at that moment, since good fortune had a second time filled her cup to the brim. The Count, however, attracted by footsteps in the apartment, turned, and left the balcony to meet the old Castellian, who stood at the curiously carved door, watching him.

The faithful Castellian resembled not a little the stone nest of former times, which had been entrusted to his care for near a century. His form was slim and stiff, like the bars of the pile gate, and time had not yet been able to bend the head of the old man; his face resembled the color of the gray walls, and had furrows and chinks like the decaying towers; and his eyes were dim and dark in their deep sockets, resembling the dull windows, overshadowed by their Gothic projections.

With cordiality did the new Viscount meet the old Castellian; in the bloom of manhood, with a figure made strong and manly by the bearing of arms and warlike exercises, the Count went forward with friendly dignity to meet one, whose withered form and dwindled limbs formed a striking contrast to his own. "Fatigue, and the confusion of our arrival, have prevented me from saying more than a friendly greeting," said the Count, laying his strong arm upon the bony shoulder of the old man. "We shall make up by kindness what we owe from gratitude, faithful Castellian, brave Rudiger."

"Thanks for what?" stammered the old man, with astonishment, endeavoring to recollect what he might have done to deserve them.

"Did you not send us a little messenger, whose horse was as swift as the wind? Did you not write me a letter?" asked Count Thielo.

"As true as I now live, I know nothing of either!" answered the old man, shaking his head.

"Strange, very strange!" said the Count. "I am astonished if you speak the truth. Sit down here with me on this chair. I hoped for an explanation from you, who are called the raven of the Winzenburger family, and who know the descent of the Counts of

Winzenburger as well as if it were written down in massive letters. Listen then, perhaps my narrative of what took place will recall something to your mind of the unknown friend who has watched over me and mine so faithfully. I lived far from here in Oldenburg, and, if not poor, still not without cares and want. You must know that the side-line of the family divided the name only, and not the possessions of the former lords of this castle. Without any knowledge or expectation of the change in my fortune, I had returned one evening from the war which the brave Oldenburg carried on against the proud Bremer, and sat in my humble dwelling, surrounded by my family, resting myself after the fatigues of the march on the bosom of my beloved wife, who was dressing the wounds which I had received in the battle. Suddenly I heard the neighing of a steed at the door, and my Lisberta espied from the window a little horse, from which a little man dismounted, and boldly entered the room, announcing himself a messenger as he delivered me a letter. The figure of the man was singular, more like a child, with a friendly winning face, but marked with age, like a dwarf, which I recollect to have seen in my war excursions at the court of the king of Poland and of the elector of Saxony. His dress was that of a peasant, only he wore a fine hat made of white felt."

The face of the Castellian grew long at the description, and with a scarce perceptible shaking of the head, he murmured in his beard, "Little white hat; yes, yes, little white hat." The Count started, but continued his narrative, as the Castellian gazed at him with impatience.

"I read the letter aloud. It contained the news that my rich cousin and his wife had suddenly died; that he was the last of his family; and that I, in the correct line of descent, thereby became the true heir to all his property; and that I must lose no time in taking the necessary steps to obtain possession, for fear Dippold of Assel, a sprig of the female line, and a favorite with the Landgrave of Hessen, might take the title to the property from me, by applying first as the heir to the estate. This letter was the source of joy and sorrow at the same time. I inquired of the messenger the circumstances connected with the death of the former lord of the castle, and the writer of the letter, who had subscribed his name quite illegibly. But he knew nothing; he lived, he said, in the Winzenburg forest, that he was ordered to carry this letter, and had before that nothing to do with the castle. We considered, if I should draught my claims immediately for the bishop, what messenger or what pigeon could I obtain to carry them to him, before my cousin, who lived in the neighborhood, could make his claim good? We are forgotten and unknown; no one has heard of us, no princely

friend can speak in our behalf; and this news will only be a deceitful glimmering of hope, which will be followed by darker days. So said I to my wife, and she was of the same opinion. Then the little messenger sprang from his seat, where he had been feasting on some milk which we gave him; and stepping up to me, "Only write, Count Thielo," said he with his fine voice, "my horse will bear me back in a short time, for he is called the Swallow, and can equal his namesake in velocity. It shall be my fault if your cousin is before you, and he who trusts in God will always do right." The boldness of the little man gave me courage; I wrote immediately to the bishop, and before the day broke the little messenger was off on his horse. Weeks passed by, and my wounds were healed; months passed over, and with each flew some of my hopes, which opened afresh my wounds of care; then came a letter to the Count Oldenburg, in which there was a command from the reverend bishop to me, to appear forthwith at his court, to receive possession of my estates and take the oath of fealty. The joy and the surprise surpassed those of the first letter; the noble Oldenburg released my services, gave me permission to journey, and in a few weeks I arrived at the court of the Bishop. But the most astonishing matter is to come. My dwarf-like messenger kept his word, but strange things my inquiries brought to light. That memorable day, which I shall ever remember, when the little man dismounted from his horse at my gate, was the burial-day of the Count and his wife, who were interred three days after their death, and the next day the little messenger laid my letter at the feet of the bishop. My memory is not old enough to deceive me in this matter; and the calendar here bears the same run of days and dates which mine bore at home. We were much troubled after that by the thoughts of witchery and hell's play, and we needed some explanation; we looked to you for this explanation. Your word has informed me of your ignorance of the matter; and I can do nothing but command you to seek the little messenger with all haste and care. He said he lived in the Winzenburger forest, and his singular figure will make it easy to find him, for he cannot conceal himself among the people."

The Count ended, warmed by the length and the nature of his narrative; but he waited in vain for an answer from his sage companion. The Castellian sat silent and astonished, and his little eyes gazed wildly about the room, as if he saw strange appearances, and were lost in long past occurrences. But as the Count turned to him with a commanding "Well?" he awoke, as it were from a dream; and fearfully clinging to the Count, he whispered, with his head sunk upon his chest, "Yes, yes, I have much to tell you, noble sir, in answer to this, but in confidence; the noble lady now steps from the

balcony, and we dare not frighten her untimely ; for female hearts are like pure glass, which cannot well bear the touch of ruder hands.”—

The Count wondered at the inexplicable conduct of his faithful servant, but arose to meet the Countess as she sprung suddenly from her seat—“My heart’s suspicions were not unfounded,” said the Countess. “Oh ! you would not listen to me—Aldo is leading little Appolonia, crying, from the garden. I am sure she has hurt herself by some fall, or has been bitten by some snake, for they abound here.”

The Count ran to the window. “You are too fearful, too tender, Lisberta !” said he, as he returned smiling. “Catherine is with them, and she looks up calmly to the window. The little witch may have been obstinate, or perchance may be crying for her indulgent mother. They have already entered the castle, and you will see for yourself, in an instant, whether she has run a thorn into her finger, or whether she has soiled her dress. But you must act with some regard to their changed circumstances ; you must no longer look to your children for the same spirit, which long restriction and necessary self-denial may have heretofore given them ; they have now become free, and if they are to enjoy their liberty, they must become more independent and more hardy than they have till now ventured to be.”

Catherine, who was already sixteen years old, soon entered the apartment, leading little Appolonia by one hand, while Aldo, a stout boy of six years old, led her by the other.

“What have they done to my little Appolonia ? What has happened to make her cry ?” said the mother, as she stooped down to her little pet, and pressed her to her heart.

“I have done nothing, nor any one else ; no one has struck her, or taken any thing from her, neither Hans nor Else. I believe she’s a little beside herself !” said Aldo in reply.

“She came running to me from the bush, and begged me to go and help her find the little boy that had run away from her,” said Catherine, smiling. “I went, but looked through all the bushes in vain to find what the little thing is crying for.”

“Hush, Appolonia !” said the Count to the little girl. “What’s this noise and crying for nothing ? What does she say about the little boy ? Tell me, Aldo.”

“She’s crying for nothing ! as you say, father,” said Aldo. “He promised he would come again, and teach us some more of his pretty plays.”—“Who ? and what is this ?” asked the father impatiently. “As we were playing in the garden,” continued Aldo, “a little man came out of the thick bushes, and shaking hands with

us, said he wanted to play with us, but we were not to tell any one about it. So he taught us little plays with berries and stones, and danced with us, and told us little stories of bad people, and was so pleasant, that we all liked him and liked to play with him. Little Appolonia liked him more than any of us."

"And how did he look?" said the Count, who was very curious about the matter.

"He said he lived in the castle," answered Aldo, "and his name was Engel. Ah! he was so pretty, and white in his face, and wore such beautiful curls; you will like him too, father, when he comes again; and his dress was a beautiful scarlet coat, and a little hat on his head as white as snow, and as fine as the wool of my little lamb which we left behind at Vechta."

"Little White Hat!" said the hollow voice of the old Castellian in the back-ground. "Do you know the little boy in the scarlet coat?" asked the Count, as he turned suddenly to the old man.

"Know him? yes, yes," said the old man aside; "he is a play-mate of my nephews and nieces, and belongs to the castle, and has lived here some time. You will hear more of him, although he is shy of grown people."

"He said he must away, because the gardener was coming with the workmen," interrupted Aldo; "and then little Appolonia began to cry, and wanted him to stay. He would not listen, but ran away, and we looked for him in vain."

The Count looked significantly at the old man, who almost imperceptibly shook his head, like the tall poplar tree in a light morning breeze. He scolded the children for their nonsense, begged the mother to comfort them, and was about to order the Castellian to his private apartment, when a noise outside the castle attracted his attention, and broke up the family scene. The noise was occasioned by the bailiffs and the neighboring peasants, who had come to greet their new lord. This novel scene banished all recollections of the subject just mentioned from the minds of all, and they hastened to witness the spectacle. The children were delighted with the presents of the peasant women, some of whom had brought them white lambs and doves; while Count Thielo and Lisberta pressed their hands unseen, hoping from their hearts that God would grant them the power to govern these vassals with justice and kindness, and thereby win their hearts.

The sun had passed his meridian, and heavy clouds threatened to overshadow and darken the day; the wind sighed heavily through the old trees in the castle garden. The vassals and servants were feasting in the spacious halls, intoxicated by the new hospitality, and the bounty with which they were treated by their new lord;

while they sounded his praises in high strains of song and boisterous shouts, for his condescension in conversing familiarly with them; and the high walls re-echoed their expressions of gladness to the music of broken glasses. The female part of the Count's family had withdrawn from the table, and the Count now gave the old Castellian, whose grave looks and solemn demeanor still put some restraint upon the guests, a wink to follow him, and reminded him of the promise he had made, to show him the interior of the castle, that he might become better acquainted with his new possessions. Slowly the old man preceded the Count, opening, as he went along, the numerous apartments, with the heavy bunch of keys which he carried in his withered hands. They had visited every room from the watch-tower to the subterranean dungeons, and from the banquet-hall to the armory; and in all Count Thielo was surprised at the general neatness, strength, and splendor; every thing surpassed his highest expectations.

Before one of the side portals, which apparently led to one of the wings of the castle, the Count stopped, and turning to his aged companion, who followed his steps slowly, he said — "Twice we have come to this door, and passed it; why do you not open this? and even now you seem to hesitate, Rudiger."

With a mournful expression the Castellian looked at the Count: "It is better, my lord," said he, "that you should leave it locked, as it has been since the death of the former Burgrave. It leads to his old chamber, and if you wish to visit it, I must beg of you to unlock the door yourself, for the key is heavy in my hands, and my trembling fingers would not turn it."

"Give the key to me!" said the Count, impatiently. "This spot is apart from the rest of the castle; no one will interrupt us here, and I have been looking for such a spot, to talk over with you the things which lie heavy on my heart."

He turned the unwilling key with some exertion, and opened the door on its creaking hinges; the passage was broad and well lighted by the windows in the ceiling, which admitted the stray beams of the evening sun. The Count stepped forward with confidence, and opened a second door, which yielded easily to his hand, leading him into a spacious chamber, that appeared, from its furniture and several articles of clothing, to be a family apartment, to which, according to the customs of those times, the most intimate friends were alone admitted, and in which the Count and his wife changed their domestic attire for the showy and splendid dresses which their respect to guests demanded. It appeared to Count Thielo as though the possessors had but a moment departed; but the dust that had collected on the chairs and the richly covered altar in the room, indicated that it had long been deserted.

"Why was this apartment locked? It is one of the most pleasant in the whole castle," inquired the Count.

"Three days after the burial of the departed Burgrave," answered the Castellian, "Count Dippold of Cassel visited us. He considered himself the next heir and lord of these possessions; but this room, into which no one has entered since that sad day, he commanded to be closed until his return. He also commanded strict secrecy concerning the circumstances connected with this dreadful event. This was the sleeping-room of Lord Herrman, in which the murder was committed."

"Murder? Then there was some truth in the report," exclaimed the Count, "concerning which I could get no information in Hildesheim!"

"The pontifical bailiff was here to examine the castle, but he found nothing that could serve him in discovering the perpetrator of this foul deed; and it was thought best to keep the affair a secret, and leave it to be revenged by the All-wise Judge of the doings of men," answered the old man, somewhat excited.

The Count looked fearlessly about the room till he beheld a dreadful sight. There stood the huge bridal bed, with its gilded posts and canopy, richly ornamented. Heavy silk curtains surrounded the honored couch of the Winzenburger race; a part of them, however, hung tattered and torn against their supporters. The pillows were strewn about in confusion, and large blood spots soiled the linen; and the floor was stained with the dark signs of murder and struggle. Two full armors hung on the wall at the side of the bed; a sword, half drawn from its sheath, lay upon the floor; a long, rusty, pointed dagger lay upon the side table; the chair near the bed was covered with a man's and woman's clothing.

"Was this the dreadful weapon?" asked the shuddering Count, as he took up the sword; "and did not this betray the accursed murderer?"

"No," said the Castellian; "that was the sword of the good Count Herrmann. Alas! it only failed him that once: perhaps he drew it to defend himself, but the murderer was too quick for him."

The Count seated himself on a chair, and looked with a sorrowful expression upon the half-drawn weapon. "Tell me," said he, "what you know of this affair, honest Rudiger; I must know all, for perhaps I am destined to raise this same sword as the avenger of this deed."

The Castellian cast a suspicious glance around the room, and then began. "Count Herrmann, your deceased cousin, was a brave man, but had a quick temper and violent passions. His wife, the Countess Emma, was often obliged by kindness and ingenuity to redress what

her husband in his passions had committed. Yes, I will say it now, for I must say it soon before the throne of God." He turned round suddenly, frightened by the noise of the old window as it rattled in the wind. "Already several years had passed since the Count was married, and there was no hope that they would have an heir to their possessions, and Count Herrmann fell into an unhappy state of mind, which often kept him for weeks from home, hunting or endeavoring to dispel his gloom in some other way. But God blessed this bridal bed, and the Countess Emma rejoiced that there was now a bright beam of hope to scatter the dismal clouds that had been gathering to darken her nuptial hours. This castle from that moment became the scene of joy and revelry; and as time brought certainty in expectation, the festivals increased, and with them the guests; so that the roads from Alfeld, Hildesheim, and Einbeck, were always filled with the fine horses and retinues of the noble guests and their ladies. So, too, did they celebrate the twenty-second birth-day of the Countess, notwithstanding the time of her confinement was close at hand; and since these towers were built, there has never been, even in time of war, such a number of guests within these old walls; and although many of the nobles, who lived in the neighborhood, retired from the castle with their retinues, yet there were hardly beds sufficient to accommodate all those who tarried with us. Long after twelve every thing became quiet and hushed; I too, at last, bore my aged limbs to my couch, but sleep forsook me; and it appeared to me in the night as if there was a cry of war before the castle, and so distinctly did I hear it, that I arose, opened my window, and charged the watchman in the watch-tower to be awake and on his guard. What a morning followed that night! I have witnessed and experienced many horrors in my youth, when I followed the old Count, called the Red Faustus, in his warlike expeditions through Europe and the land of the Pagans; but such a sight of horror I never witnessed, and this old heart must have been hardened by time that it did not break at the scene. The voice of the waiting woman awoke me from my late slumbers in the morning. Murder! murder! was the cry in the passage-ways. Murder! re-echoed throughout the halls. I sprang upon my feet, and seizing my old sword, I rushed out of my chamber. I met in the great hall the stranger knights and the servants of the house, many of whom were but half covered. The cry of the waiting woman attracted us to this chamber. Here ascended the yet warm perfumes of their precious blood; there, on that dark, bloody spot, laid near the table, on which the nightly torch still dimly burned, the noble Count Herrmann, his hand on the half-unsheathed sword; his face bore the last expression of anger and

despair ; the eyes, stretched widely, stared at us as if they sought among us the murderer, who had inflicted upon him the mortal wound, which still gaped as it poured out the last drops of his precious life-blood. Apparently he had sprung up in his night-dress to defend himself, but his enemy, more ready than himself, had stabbed him through, and the wounds betrayed that no knife had been used, but a stout knightly sword, to perpetrate the horrid crime. But the most revolting sight came afterwards, as we, after vain attempts to revive the departed Count, turned our eyes towards the Countess. The good Countess laid there weltering in her blood, murdered in the bloom of youth, and when her hopes were brightest ; her heart had ceased to beat, and her pulse was already stilled. She seemed to have sprung up to lend her assistance, but the skilful murderer took her by surprise, and buried a long, pointed dagger in her body. There it still lies on the table, where I placed it, when I had, with trembling hand, drawn it from the lifeless corpse. No one of the castle household has since ventured to lay hands on these bloody things."

"But the dagger left behind? Did not that betray the murderer?" inquired the Count, very much excited.

"It was the dagger of Count Herrmann, which he laid upon the chair at his bedside," answered Rudiger.

"And what did the assembled knights do?" questioned Count Thielo, hastily.

"They made diligent search throughout the castle to discover some traces of blood either on garments or weapons," answered the Castellian ; "but finding nothing that gave a clue to the murder, they assembled in the chapel, whither the corpses had been carried, and there absolved themselves from suspicion, by the most solemn oath, over the dead bodies."

"Was cousin Dippold present?" inquired the Count. "No," said the old man ; "it is already a year since he visited the castle of Winzenburg ; he has lived during that time at the court of the Landgrave, and has never been on true terms of friendship with Count Herrmann." The Count unsheathed the sword, and raising it in his hand : "Speak," said he, "thou faithful weapon, that hath slain many foes in the hands of the Winzenburgers, speak and tell me, what cruel hand was raised to spill the blood of the Herrmanns, and slay the bright ornaments of the noble line of my ancestors? You are silent, but I dare raise thee, and say, that I would willingly give up all I now possess to awake once more the dead to life ; and I will neither spare my blood or my means in the discovery of this assassin, who feared thee, thou bright, brave steel ; this much I swear, as I am a man, and descendant of noble blood."

A bright flash of lightning illumined momentarily the apartment,

followed by a loud clap of thunder, which shook the rattling window in its casement, and seemed to move the foundation of the ancient castle. The Count trembled, while the old Castellian, folding his hands, whispered in a subdued tone: "The Almighty has heard it, and given us evidence of his all watchfulness. May God grant that I may live to see the deed revenged, before my grave shall claim these faltering limbs; but what the ingenious bailiff of the bishop could not discover, will, I fear, remain a secret until the day of judgment, when all crimes will be made known at the tribunal of the Most High."

At this moment a deep sigh, resembling that of an oppressed and broken heart, breathed through the apartment; the two companions trembled, and moved toward the door.

"What was that?" asked Count Thielo, collecting himself immediately, as he approached the bed with the drawn sword. Is any one present to mock our feelings?" The Castellian seized him by the arm—"Be quiet!" said he, significantly. "Every thing has been locked up and closed for months in this apartment; any human being would long since have perished from famine ere this. But follow me, you yet wish to see the chapel; on holy ground such sighs are better answered, and there, perchance, the dead may answer for themselves."

The Count followed the old man, taking the sword with him; and after Rudiger had carefully closed every door behind him, they descended by the light of a lamp into the chapel, which was built in the shape of a rotunda at the other end of the castle. The Count looked at the inlaid shields, standards, and gilded helmets, which ornamented the pillars and the walls; and although they were somewhat dimmed by the dust of ages and the decay of time, they still bore testimony of the splendor of his race. The Count, after gazing at these insignia, winked to the Castellian, who immediately led the way to the heavy trap-door that covered the entrance to the catacombs. The Count assisted him in raising the heavy door, and both then descended the steps into the vaults below.

Count Thielo now stood alone, surrounded by the remains of the ancestors of his blood; two long rows of richly ornamented sarcophagi were on either side of him; the glittering silver seemed to mock the decayed remains they contained; the arms and trophies of victories, and long inscriptions, that covered many of these houses of the dead, seemed to scoff the pride of departed glory, which only extended its sway to the borders of the grave, where no eye was open to gaze at its splendor; for the little bat, which had been driven by fear at these visitors from its warm nest, told

of the awful stilness which now surrounded those warriors, before whom, in times gone by, the world had trembled.

These two contain the remains of the late Count Herrmann and the Countess Emma," said the Castellian, half whispering, pointing to two sarcophagi, over which a large crimson velvet covering was spread; and at the head were the arms, with the crest below, ornamented with a badge of mourning, signifying that the inmates of the coffins beneath the splendid covering were the last of the chief branch of the family, which ended with Count Herrmann.

"What's this little leaden box at the feet of these sarcophagi?" asked the Count.

"Yes, yes," said the old man; "that contains the remains of the loudest mourner of all, against him, who at one blow stained his conscience with a triple murder. As the women raised the corse of the Countess from her bed, they found her child in the bed, lifeless like the mother. In the hour of danger the child was brought forth, but came to the light of the sun, dead and still-born, as perfect as nature could make it; the pointed dagger of the assassin had reached it in its mother's womb."

"Horrid!" said the Count. "But hold the lamp nearer, the cover of the coffin is unfastened, and moved." He reached forth his arm and raised the top, and with astonishment both saw that it was empty, and that there was not a remnant either of the bones or the dust, but all was as clean and empty as if nothing were ever in it. — "Empty — entirely empty?" said Thielo. "What does this mean? How does this agree with your story?"

The old man gazed with open eyes at the empty coffin. "I bore myself the last remains of the Count and Countess, and child, to this spot, though it was a sad and heavy work; and since then have I kept all closed and locked. But this may be added to the wonderful things that have taken place in the castle since that night, and I fear these things will never end until the whole affair is brought to light."

"Come up, Rudiger," said the Count, as he cast one last look at the sad scene, and laid the coffin top upon the ground; "come up, the air below here is damp and heavy, and this mouldy atmosphere oppresses me as well as yourself. You have still many things to tell me, I perceived this morning, in our short conversation concerning the circumstances connected with the children in the garden. Conceal nothing from me; what I have thus far heard, has only excited my curiosity, did I even know that I was to hear even things more dreadful and revolting than those already told."

They ascended to the chapel, the Castellian placed the lamp upon one of the steps of the altar, and then seated himself at the side of

it at the request of the Count. Impatient and anxious stood Thielo before him, listening to his whispers, and now and then casting a suspicious look toward the open entrance of the catacombs. "What you told me of the little man who brought you the letter," began the old Castellian, "and the adventure of your little son this morning in the garden, reminded me of the duty, to inform you of that which I intended to have kept a secret from you ; for I thought that the arrival of the new lord, and the new conviviality, would have driven the goblins from the castle that have haunted it since the murder of the Count and Countess. Yes, do not look upon me so mistrustfully. All is not right in the castle, and I did not mention it before, because I was unwilling to make the Countess and the young family and yourself uneasy on the first happy day of your arrival and residence here ; and I therefore gave orders to my nephews, and my daughter, my wife, and the whole household, not to mention the subject to any of you. It is a good and harmless spirit that wanders through the castle, does no one any injury ; and yet, when twilight dims these halls and passages, the heart beats heavy, and one's hair is apt to rise. It is a child's voice which is heard, now here, now there ; sometimes sighing, sometimes crying ; and at times in a little fine voice it sang several times a short, pretty, pensive air in the entrance to the chapel. My daughter heard it first, and believing it to be one of the invisible goblins which haunt these mountains, she placed in a distant corner, near the armory, on a stool a bowl of milk, and made a little bed of feathers, which she saw replenished and attended to every evening. In the morning the milk was gone, and the feathers were pressed down, as if a child had been reposing there."

"This castle goblin enjoyed, no doubt, his milk and downy bed !" said the Count, shaking his head.

"Believe what you please, most noble sir !" said the old man. "I thought so once too, my lord ; but time will change your opinion, as it has mine. Since that time this spirit has been kind to my daughter. When she has not had time to put her kitchen and all in order before the hour to go to bed, she has found every thing done in the morning, and in perfect order. If a rogue robbed our larder, it would whisper the name of the thief to her at midnight ; yes, when two of our servants had in view to rob us of our best horses, it called, in a fine voice, more like the vibration of a sharp-toned bell, before my chamber door, till I awoke."

"And did you see this goblin ?" asked Thielo, thoughtfully.

"No adult has ever seen it," continued the Castellian ; "my courageous Agnes called to it one bright moonlight night, and commanded it, if it wished her to believe it a harmless spirit, to

appear. There appeared then a little shadow at her bedside, and she felt a little child's hand, soft and delicate, pressing on her arm, but so icy cold that she never asked again. Yet it plays with the children when they are alone in the garden and elsewhere, and they see it in a scarlet cloak and white felt hat, from which we named it "Little White Hat;" and so it appeared to the children in the garden to-day. We have accustomed ourselves to it, although we have yet some feeling of fear towards it; still we have nigh overcome it, since its voice grows daily finer and softer; and the noise, which it made at first for whole nights together in the east wing, has at length ceased."

"Then it made a disturbance like a true hobgoblin," said the Count, somewhat sarcastic." And did it never breathe curses and abusive language, like hobgoblins in general?"

"Once only," said the old man. "You refresh my memory, and recall a principal and important fact in this affair, which concerns this little man, who brought you the letter. On the day when Count Dippold entered the castle, it raved the whole night in the halls, and the whole household heard it scream — "Hence! hence! you are not the right one!"

"Follow me, old man!" said the Count firmly. "Be cautious, and keep this story from the ears of my family, that it may not disturb their peace. The hairs of your head are too white, Rudiger, to deceive me; but to dispel your fancies, and clear my castle of these devils and deceit, shall be my earnest endeavor!"

At this moment an armor on the next pillar sounded, and sent forth a clear metal tone, which changed, as it died away, to a fine, soft, sweet voice, which came apparantly from the open trap-door: "Believe and pray, that you may not have to repent when your eyes shall see!"

The Count turned toward the voice, raising instinctively the sword; but suddenly seized by fear and the secret misgivings of his heart, he took the hand of the old Castellian, and hurrying him along with him, left the chapel.

To be continued.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

" Why flames yon far summit — why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From thine eyrie, which beacons the darkness of Heaven!"

YES! "Ruin" has been in his "Eyrie"—AMMON, phoenix-like, has been roasted amid the burning spices of his own nest; and now again, like the fire-defying bird of Arabia, he rises fresh and vigorous in renovated youth, with pinions plumed for a bolder flight than ever.

To speak in the sober prose which perhaps best befits the occasion, our readers are probably aware, that on the night of the 13th ult., both the printing and publishing office of the American Monthly were destroyed in the conflagration of Mr. Dearborn's premises. All the back Nos. of the Magazine, with a quantity of MS. articles, and the sheets and "copy" of the August No., just ready for the press, were consumed.* The immediate loss to the proprietor, though he saved nothing but the subscription books of the Magazine, is slight, in comparison with the calamity which has overtaken others in the same extensive establishment; but the inconvenience to which it in many ways subjects him, is sufficiently serious, and he can only promise that his best efforts shall not be wanting to make it as little apparent as possible in the conduct of a work which, he trusts, has hitherto been carried on to the satisfaction of those who sustain it, whether in the character of subscribers or contributors.

Our aim has been from the first to establish a periodical which should have a tone and character of its own; and which, while rendered sufficiently amusing to ensure its circulation, should ever keep for its main object the promotion of good taste, and sound, vigorous, and fearless thinking upon whatever subject it undertook to discuss; which, in a word, should make its own way into public favor, and establish its claims to consideration, rather by what should be found in its pages than by any eclat which the names of popular

* The following were the original contents of the August No. as nearly ready for publication at the time of the fire. 1. Modern German Literature. 2. The Future. 3. Cruise of the Sparkler. 4. Scenes in the Levant. 5. Rosalia. 6. The Blues. 7. Ammon at Home. 8. Mines of Mexico. 9. Mount Auburn Cemetery. 10. A Ditty. 11. The Supercelestial Drunkard. 12. Song from Goethe. 13. Mellen's Poems. 14. The Stars, &c.

contributors, or the laudatory notices of the newspapers could confer.

There is a choice of three positions for a work of the kind to assume in studying success. The first and most common in Europe, though as yet among us confined to the daily press, is that of acting as a partisan, and becoming the organ of a particular party or faction, the members of which very naturally sustain the vehicle and mouth-piece of their own opinions. The second, which is chiefly adopted by our contemporaries, is that of making such a work an arena wherein each literary gladiator may exhibit his powers, under certain restrictions, in whatever way he pleases; while his name, being given as an endorsement of his opinions, removes half the responsibility from the work to which it is often no slight letter of recommendation. The third position is that already indicated. Our reasons for adopting it are readily apparent, when the reader reflects that, as regards one of the former grounds, the division of parties in this country is not sufficiently permanent to warrant a work, whose chief objects must still be literary, linking its fortunes with the precarious views of political partisans; and that, as respects the other ground, it was already pre-occupied by more than one skilful and zealous contemporary, with equal ability and success.

But although no choice was left us in assuming a vantage-ground of competition, we have had no reason to regret having adopted and followed out the course prescribed to ourselves from the first. We have, indeed, lost both contributors and subscribers by the tone of some of our papers, for which, as for every thing else in this magazine, the magazine and not the writer of the article was justly held responsible. But by the more intelligent, who have judged of the tendency of our labors in the aggregate, and not by an occasional difference of opinion with themselves, we have been sustained in a manner that merits our warmest gratitude. For while our circulation has been steadily on the increase,* we have more than once had occasion to regret that the necessity of embodying a sufficient number of light articles in the work to render it popular, has compelled us to defer contributions which have from time to time been placed at our disposal by some of the ablest pens in the country.

Cheered, then, as we are by the experience of the past, the recent shock can by no means impair our confidence in the future. Our

* In circulating the American Monthly as in providing the literary material, the same policy has been pursued, which, perhaps, in this age of Omnipuffery, was not equally wise. The original prospectus promised eighty pages, every No. of the last and present volume has exceeded one hundred; while each number, by the liberality of our publisher, has been ornamented with an engraving executed by the first artists in the country. In this respect, however, as in every other, the work has been left to speak for itself.

work has long since emerged from infancy and dependence upon extrinsic circumstances. The quickening power of many minds laboring successively or in unison, has infused vitality into the creation while shaping it into form, until now it has a living principle of its own. It has become something, we trust, that "the world would not willingly let die." Like all things human, it may be subject to chance or change, but not necessarily to destruction. Its flight may waver, but its course will still be onward. With the firmness of age may come its rigidity, and even in the nerve and vigor of its manhood, it may miss the elastic buoyancy of its youth. Yet what matters that, if our readers and ourselves grow old together? We are contented with the companionship, if they will not be looking over their shoulders for newer and noisier claimants on their regard. Our sympathies have now so long mingled, that we trust we begin to understand each other; and our minds, like stranger fruits ripening against the same trellice, gradually assimilate while mutually sustaining and invigorating each other.

Do we assume too much in believing that this confidence will long continue with us? Do we promise too much in asserting that on our part it shall continue to be merited—shall never be misplaced? Do we, in fine, arrogate too much to ourselves when, in the words of another, which our recent calamity may not render inappropriate, we adopt here as our motto,

"Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf. By the Author of the South-West.
2 vols. Harpers.

THE "South-West" was one of the cleverest and most agreeable works, among the many, by native writers, that the Harpers have put forth in the last few years. It seemed the transcript of an acute, observing, and well cultivated mind; and was enriched with much fanciful and glowing description, interspersed with sound and valuable remarks upon the condition of society in a peculiarly interesting portion of our widely extended country. It appeared, in short, to be inspired in every way by the taste and feeling of the author; and therefore, while written in a just and discriminating style, was perfectly natural. Lafitte is the very antipodes of all this. The story and the style seem adapted entirely to suit the morbid appetite of the day, and both are equally extravagant and unnatural. They evince, however, invention and descriptive power of no common order; and, bad as is the new model upon which the author seems now to be forming himself, his mind has by no means "lost all its original brightness."

The incidents of the following scene are portrayed with a vigorous and graphic pencil.

"They had reined in their horses on the verge of a lofty cliff overhanging the river, and remained gazing upon its icy surface, which, as far as the eye could reach, north and south, presented one vast plain of crystal. The lateness of the season rendered it imprudent to venture upon it, although, except in its soft, white appearance, under the warm sun, it presented no indication of weakness. Gertrude, excited by the gay canter along the cliff, and in unusually high spirits, proposed galloping across the river, which, during the winter they had frequently done, and ascend a hill on the opposite side, from whose summit there was an extensive prospect she had repeatedly admired.

"'By no means, Gertrude,' exclaimed Achille, 'it would be rashness to attempt it.'

"'I think not, cousin,' she replied, with that love of opposition which is the perscriptive right of the sex. 'It is evidently very firm; only three days ago I saw several horsemen passing down the river at a hand gallop.'

"'But you forget the warmth of the sun, Gertrude!'

"'Not enough to affect this solid mass before us,' she replied, 'at all events, I can but try it.'

"So, slightly shaking her bridle, she cantered down the smooth road to the foot of the cliff, rapidly followed by the brothers.

"'Do not venture upon the ice, cousin Gertrude, I beseech,' mildly remonstrated Achille, when they gained the beach, 'you will certainly endanger your life!'

"'How very pathetic and careful, cousin of mine,' she replied, with a playful, yet half-vexing air; 'if you really think there is so much danger, we will excuse your attendance. I am fearless as to the result, and quite confident that the ice

will bear Leon and me. See, now,' added she, as her beautiful jennet bounded forward on hearing his name, 'Leon is more obedient to *fayre ladies'* commands than their sworn esquires;' and her fine eyes glanced mischievously as she spoke.

"This badinage touched Achille, who was sensitively alive to ridicule, especially from the lips of the lady of his love. Biting his lip to suppress his feelings, he calmly observed, 'I regard not myself, Gertrude, it is for you I speak. If you are resolved to go, I shall certainly accompany you, although the greater the weight, the more imminent will be the danger.'

"So will Henri, will you not, Henri?' she said, half-assuredly, half-inquiringly; and a sweet smile, such as maidens love to bestow on their favoured swains, dwelt, while she spoke, upon her pretty lips, and mantled her cheeks with a scarcely perceptible shade of crimson.

"Henri, who had remained silent during this brief colloquy, though always close to his cousin's rein, replied.

"Certainly, Gertrude, although I think with brother, that there is a spice of temerity in the attempt. Allow me to dis—

"*Allons* then,' she gaily cried, placing her gloved finger upon her cousin's mouth, and exciting the spirited animal upon which she was mounted to spring forward on to the crumbling verge of the ice.

"Achille buried his spurs in the sides of his horse, and, in one bound, was the next moment at the head of her palfrey, and dismounted—with the rein in his grasp.

"For God's sake, Gertrude, stop! you must not venture so rashly,' he cried, with energy, 'do not go, I beg of you!'

"Loose my rein, Achille, and don't be so earnest about a mere trifle,' she said, hastily.

"Nay, cousin,' said Achille, in a softer tone, 'the life of Gertrude can be—'

"Now don't be sentimental, cousin Achille,' she laughingly interrupted, 'do be just good enough to free Leon's head. See how impatient he is.'

"Do, cousin, allow me to plead!

"No, no, you know how I hate pleading;' and, without replying further, she dexterously extricated her bridle from his grasp, touched her impatient horse smartly with the whip, and gaily crying, '*Sauve qui peut*,' sprung forward like an arrow.

"Achille! your horse!' exclaimed Henri. 'Mad girl, she is lost!' he added, and spurring after her, was in an instant galloping by her side. Achille turned on the instant to vault into his saddle, and beheld his horse, which he had left unsecured on dismounting, coursing, with his mane flowing, and the stirrups wildly flying, at full speed on his way homeward.

"Holy devil!' ejaculated he, through his clenched teeth, at the same time uttering a malediction upon the flying animal; then turning to look after the rash girl, he scarcely forbore repeating it, as he saw her with his brother at her side, cantering over the brittle and transparent surface of the river.

"They were more than half-way to the opposite shore when a loud report, deadened like the subterranean discharge of cannon, or the first rumbling of an earthquake, struck his ears, accompanied by a white streak, flashing, like lightning, along the surface of the ice, from shore to shore.

"God of heaven!' he exclaimed, uttering a cry of horror, as he saw the vast field of ice shivered along its whole extent. With a loud voice he shouted for them to return for their lives. Yet they heard him not, although now evidently aware of their danger; for they increased the speed of their horses, and made for the opposite shore, to which they were nearest, as the only chance for safety.

"Suddenly, sharp reports, in rapid succession, like the near explosion of musketry, reverberated along the ice, which began to swell and heave like the surface of the ocean in a calm. Save the agitation on the river, all else was still. The skies wore the pure blue of spring, the winds were hushed, the air was close and sultry, and a deep silence, like that of night, reigned over nature.

"A wild cry of terror suddenly reached his ears,—fearfully breaking the stillness of the morning. His heart echoed the cry, but his arm could bring no aid. The adventurers had diminished their furious speed, and were hovering on the verge of a yawning chasm, which had suddenly opened before them. To advance was destruction; to retrace their way equally threatening. There was a moment's hesitancy, Achille observed from the summit of a pyramid of ice, which had been thrown upon the beach, and then he saw them turn their horses' heads, and, with a rapid flight, seek, over the moving, unsteady surface of the heaving flood, the shore they had left.

"Onward they flew, like the wind. The labouring ice shivered and groaned in their rear, heaving itself in huge masses of wild and fantastic shapes into the air behind them. Near the shore, towards which they were now directing their fearful course, the ice had yet remained firm. But, as they advanced, it groaned, heaved, and rose in vast piles in their path, while a yawning chasm gaped wide before them. Loudly and despairingly Achille shouted, as he indicated with his riding-whip the surer way of escape from this chasm, which was momentarily enlarging; otherwise he could render them no assistance.

"They saw their danger, but too late. Their impetus was too powerful to be resisted by the slight fingers of the maiden, as she drew in her reins with painful and terrified exertion; and her horse dashed in among the broken and heaving masses of ice, as they were agitated by the swelling current, and hurled, crashing and grinding with a loud noise, against each other. A wild cry pierced the ears of the paralyzed Achille, and horse and rider disappeared beneath the terrific surface.

"Henri, who with a stronger arm had reined in his fiery animal, no sooner witnessed the fearful plunge, than, springing from his horse, he flew to the verge from which she had leaped, and for an instant gazed down into the cold, black flood, which had closed like a pall over the lovely girl. The next moment the deep waters received his descending form into their bosom!

"A moment of intense suffering, during which Achille's heart distended almost to bursting, passed, and the waters were agitated, and the head of her favourite Leon came to the surface. The affrighted animal glaring around, his dilated eyes, intelligent with almost human expression, uttered a loud and terrific scream, and pawing with his fore-feet upon the cakes of ice floating near him, made several violent and ineffectual attempts, with the exercise of extraordinary muscular exertion, to draw himself up on to them; while the big veins swelled and started out in bold relief from his glossy hide, his nostrils expanded and gushed forth blood upon the white ice, and audible groans came from his bursting chest.

"In vain were the tremendous and sublime efforts of the noble animal—his strength gradually failed, and he could at last retain his hold only with one hoof upon the crumbling verge: that at last fell into the water. The dying steed gave an appalling cry, which the other horse, who stood gazing on him with a look of sympathy, repeated, and the shores caught up and re-echoed from cliff to cliff, till it died away in the distance like the wailing notes of suffering fiends. Then, rolling his large eyes round in terror and despair, he sunk from the sight of the horror-stricken Achille.

"*"She is lost, lost, lost!"* he exclaimed, mentally imprecating his situation, which rendered it impossible for him to assist her.

"Vast cakes of ice, between the elevation upon which he stood and the place where they had disappeared, constantly rolled by, tossed and whirled, like egg shells, tumultuously upon the fierce torrent. Conscious of his total inability to afford the least aid, he stood gazing like a rivetted statue upon the dark sepulchre which had entombed the only being he loved.

"*"Merciful providence, I thank thee!"* he exclaimed, dropping impulsively upon one knee, with clasped and uplifted hands, as he saw appear above the water, far below the spot where Leon sunk, one after another, the heads of his cousin and brother. She was lifeless in his arms, her luxuriant tresses floating upon the waves, her beautiful head pillowed upon his shoulder!

"With a cry of joy he sprang forward to the point towards which he was swimming among the floating ice with his lovely burden. Henri was a bold and experienced swimmer. In boyhood it was the only amusement in which he delighted or fearlessly engaged. Achille stood upon the utmost verge of the ice, and cast his riding cloak out upon the water, retaining the tassel that he might draw them, now almost exhausted, to the shore.

"*"No, brother,"* said Henri faintly, yet firmly. And a triumphant smile lighted his pale cheek as he declined the proffered aid. In a moment afterwards he laid the fair girl upon the bank—the preserver of her life!

Elkswatawa, the Prophet of the West. A Tale of the Frontier,
2 vols. Harpers.

THIS novel is well worth reading for the sake of becoming acquainted with a single character that figures in its pages. *Earthquake*, the Kentucky Hunter, is the best frontier's-man that we have for a long time met in print. The story, too, although the plot is simple, is so well managed as to keep up a lively interest which but seldom flags. And here our praise must end, unless, indeed, we pause to thank the author for having used his efforts in freshening the history of a man whose name ought never to be forgotten while heroism and love of country are deemed worthy of being remembered. Tecumseh, however, has not yet found his proper biographer in the writer who has here interwoven the story of his fortunes with that of his base and cruel brother. The vein of the author of this book is inimitable in its way, but it is peculiar and circumscribed. His Virginia Lawyer and his Indians any one might have drawn, but his white borderers are wholly his own. If he had kept down the dusky figures in his picture, and introduced his Virginian as a relief to those which his pencil seems almost unwittingly to have drawn in such salient colors, the result would have been capital; and we advise him yet, eschewing sentiment and heroics, to take an "Earthquake" for his hero, and write another novel which he has the power to make perfectly *sui generis*. There is racy humor and thrilling interest in the following electioneering scene and story of adventure among the Back-woodsmen of a quarter of a century since.

"Come, Earth," said an old hunter, 'a sheriff' ought always to be able to tell a good story, that he may amuse a fellow when he is making him shell out,—let us see what you can do in that way.'

"Time enough," said Earth, 'when I am elected; but at present, I must knock about, to see if I cannot pick up a vote or two.'

"The best way to pick up votes, Earth," replied an acquaintance, 'is to tell a good story.'

"Very well then, Jack," said Earth, addressing the last speaker, 'make a ring and give me fair play, and I will tell one, and whether it be good or bad, I leave you all to judge. It shall be the truth, that is, it shall be something which has happened to me at some time of my life, and if after telling it, you don't vote for me, if I don't lick you, I will agree never to take another 'coon hunt.'

"Then whack away," said Jack.

"Well, well, well, well, once upon a time," began Earth.

"And what happened then," asked one of the group.

"Why so many things have happened to me," said Earth, 'since I've been rooting about in these woods, that I hardly know what to tell, or which will interest most.'

"Then tell us of the time that you floated down the Ohio.'

"Well, well," said Earth, bursting out in a loud laugh, 'I will tell that, for I had almost clean forgot it; but I was in a predicament, wan't I?'

"Tell us the story and we shall then be able to judge," said an old hunter, who, standing near, was leaning on his rifle; 'do begin, Earth, and make no more preparation; you take as long to get under way as a man does who breaks a yoke of young steers, or greases a pair of cart wheels, before he sets out upon his journey.'

"Then I'm off, old man," said Earth, 'but I must take a running start, and begin agin.'

"Well, well, well, well—once upon a time I had taken my old bitch Jupiter, that you have often heard me tell of;—old Jupe was a nice thing,—I had taken her 'long, and gone off upon a bear hunt, had been absent two or three weeks, and had wandered very far from home. I was a venturesome lad in those days, and never better satisfied than when alone in the wild woods. I had worked my way down into the fork formed by the emptying of the Cumberland into the Ohio river, and I had worried the bears right badly. I had had rare sport. Old Jupe was in a good humour, and she and I was mighty loving, for she had fou't

some fights which I never can forget, and which made me love her like a new flint, and she loved me as if I was a bacon bone, for I had helped her out of some of her difficulties, when it would have been a gone case if I hadn't been present; I say difficulties, for I never did see a dog so tired as she was. I do believe during some of these fights that I am now talking about, I saw the bears hug her, until they stretched her out into a long string. Yes, I have seen 'em squeeze her, until she wan't larger than my arm, and at least nine or ten feet long; you might have wound her up into a ball, just as you would have done a hank of yarn."

"Then they must have killed her, Earth," said one of the group.

"You know nothing about it," said Earth, "don't interrupt me; but I am good for your vote;" then turning to the crowd, "ain't it so, gentlemen, don't he forfeit it for stopping me?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then I have already made two votes," said Earth.

"All now cried, 'go on Earth, go on with your story.'

"Well," said Earth, "he stopped me something about the bears killing Jupe; now old Jupe wan't of that breed of dogs at all, for when she was stretched out in a string, or even tangled up in a knot, I would shoot the bear, draw her off one side, throw a little cold water over her, leave her, and go to butchering. In an hour, and sometimes it would take longer, she would begin to come together like a jointed snake, and presently she would fetch a yelp, and come streaking it to me, shaped as she ought to be, showing her teeth, and looking as fresh as if she was a new made dog. And then wan't she vig'rous? Yes, who says she wan't? You might have hung a cross-cut saw to a swinging limb, and she would have chawed upon it the balance of the day,—or have thrown her a bear's head, and she would'n't touch the meat, but draw all the teeth out merely for spite. But there was one thing I noticed about old Jupe,—whenever the bears stretched her out into a string, she always lost her appetite for the remainder of that day. Well, old Jupe and I were down there, and we had been doing pretty much what I have been telling you, when one day the bears spun her out rather longer than usual, and she got cut so badly, that we had to rest during the whole of the evening. I was sorry for old Jupe, but didn't care much about having to stop myself, for I was right tired and wanted rest, having seen hard times that week.

"The sun, I suppose, was about an hour high, and I was setting down under a big tree, nursing old Jupe, and trying to see if I could'n't set her upon her legs agin, when she raised up her nose, and snuffed the air,—then looked in my face and whined. As she did this, I saw the hair upon her back begin to rise. I knew that there was danger in the wind, and from what old Jupe had told me, I thought the red skins were about. The Ingens were not so rife then as they had been; it was the fall before 'Squire Rolfe came out from the old state; but people had to keep a sharp look out, for they would come down upon the settlements once in a while, and they were mighty apt to carry off some body's hair with them.

"Well, as soon as old Jupe spoke to me, I looked about, and seed five coming right along in the direction in which I was. They were well loaded, and I knowed at once that they had been down upon the settlements, and were now making their way to the river, that they might cross over and get clear. Although I saw them, I knew they hadn't seen me; so I gathered up my things to start off, without thinking that old Jupe was so badly cut she could'n't follow. When I was ready, I looked at old Jupe,—she tried to get up, but could'n't,—my eyes felt watery, for I hated to leave her, and I had'n't a minute to spare. But old Jupe was a sensible dog; yes, as I said before, she was a nice thing, for without speaking a word, she poked her nose under the leaves, as much as to say, cover me over, and leave me. I did so, and gitting a tree between me and the Ingens, I streaked it. You ought to have seen me run, to know how fast a man ought to move when Ingens are after him. Well, arter streaking it awhile, I thought it would never do to go off that way, and know nothing about 'em, so I began to haul in my horns, and back a little. I got behind a tree, and kept a sharp look out: presently I seed them all coming straight towards me; so I buckled off agin, and went for some distance, like a bear through a cane brake, and then stopped, and took a stand. I had'n't been there long, before I seed them coming agin. The reason why I saw them so often was, that I kept before them, knowing that they were making straight for the river. I watched them narrowly, looked at 'em with both eyes wide open, and saw they did'n't seem to have any notion of me, but were putting it down fast and heavy that they might get across. It was now getting dark, and I knew that under cover of the night, as they did

not suspect any body was near 'em, I could keep close enough to watch them without their knowing it, and this I determined to do, thinking that by possibility something might happen, to pay me for my trouble. You all know I never spared an Ingen; no, there don't breathe one who can say I ever showed him any favour. Well, I kept on before 'em until I got down upon the river bank. It was then quite dark, and growing more so every minute; for a fog was rising from the surface of the water. I looked about to see if they had a boat there, thinking if they had one, I would take it, and let them git across as they could. I was searching longer than I thought for, and did'nt know how the time passed, for suddenly I heard them coming down to the river, at the very point where I was. I was now skeered, and looked about to see if I could get out of the way; but there was no place to hide, and it was too late to escape, either up or down the bank. I'm a gone case, thought I, — used up at last; but just at that moment, I saw a large log or tree, which had been lodged by some high freshet; for one end of it still rested on the bank, while the other extended out into the stream. Said I to myself, 'I'll git upon this, for it is so dark that they can't see me, and I can then keep a bright look out upon their movements;' so I stepped on it, and crawled along to the far end. I found that the log was floating, and getting as near the small end as I could, I straddled it, putting my legs in the water to steady me, and laid my rifle across my lap. 'Oh! that it would but float off,' said I, but it would'nt.

"Well, down to the water they all came, and stood in about fifteen or twenty feet of me. 'It is all over now,' thought I; 'if discovered, I am used up as fine as salt; if I ain't, there is no bad taste in a rough 'simmon.' Well, there they stood in a good humour, laughing and talking, about I hardly know what, for I could'nt catch many of their words. At last I heard one of 'em say, in Shawnee, 'Where is the canoe? It must be close by. Step upon the log and find it.'

"Hold my gun,' answered one of 'em, and passing it to one of his friends, he stepped upon the log and began to walk right to where I was. Now did'nt I squat low, and feel mean? But hush; he had'nt got far before another must jump on, to help him find the boat. This last one had only walked a few steps, when the log slipped, and splash it came right in the river with the two Ingens. They both held on, though they got a little wet, and the first thing I knowed the log was going out into the stream with all three of us on it. It was slanting at first, and slipping, got pushed off. Those on shore set up a loud laugh, and they would'nt hear any thing until it was too late to give any help. But for those on the log, it was no joke; for they were already out in the stream, and going down it with a smart current. They now hallooed manfully for help, and those on shore, seeing how it was, told them to hold on, and that they would find the boat and take them off. Well, I have often told you I had seen hard times, now wa'nt here a predicament? On a log with two Ingens, and floating along at night down the Ohio. Well, sure enough, there I was, and what did I think of? why, of every thing in this world; it raily made me feel right knotty, and what to do, I did'nt know. We had now floated two or three hundred yards, and I was sitting as I told you before, straddled on the small end, and jest as silent as a deer listening for the dogs, thinking how the affair would terminate, when one of the Ingens who was still standing upon the log, stepped off upon one of the limbs to make room for his companion. His stepping caused the log to creen me in the water, and forgetting where I was, and what I was about, I cried 'stop! stop! you'll turn me over.' 'Oh hell!' said I to myself, 'it is all over now — clean gone this time.' How the Ingens looked, I don't know, for it was so dark I could'nt see their faces, but they must have been worse skeered than I was, for I knew who they were, and they did'nt know who or what I was. They kept muttering something very fast, and I thought they were going to quit the log and streak it, but arter a few minutes they became silent, and began peeping towards where I was, like a couple of turkies looking for worms. And then one said, 'dont you see something?' 'Yes,' answered the other, 'dark lump; bear perhaps;' and then the one who first spoke, cried out 'who's there?' I did'nt answer, but I growed small so fast, trying to squeeze myself out of sight, that my skin hung as loose as if it was a big jacket. They kept peeping at me, and I heard one say, 'It is no bear. It is a man, look at his head.' When I heard him say so, I was so mad I wished my head was under the log, but then I thought if it was, I would'nt be any better off than I was then, so I straightened up; I knowed they had seen me, and I thought twa'nt worth while to play 'possum any longer. Well, when I straightened up, he cried out agin, 'who's there' 'I am here,' said I, speaking in his own language. The moment I spoke, he laughed, and said to the other, 'he is a pale face.'

"How could he tell that, Earth," inquired another of the group, "you say that it was dark, and a fog was rising."

"I've got you, Jim," said Earth, then pausing, he began to count on his fingers, saying, "that is four, no, three; now don't forget it, Jim."

"Go on, go on, Earth," cried half a dozen voices.

"Well, the reason he knowed me so quick, was that he seed I did'n't speak the real Ingen. Arter he had told the other that I was a pale face, he turned to me, and said, 'what you doing there?' sitting down straddle on the small eend, said I. When I said this, they burst out into a laugh; I myself was in no laughing humour, and it did'n't sound to me like a laugh, but like a sort of a chuckle, and one said to the other, 'he is a pale face, a lean dog, sleeping on a log, we did catch him good,' and saying this, they put their hands to their mouth, and gave the war whoop. I tell you what, it was an awful sound, and then they told their companions on shore that a pale face was on the log with them, to get the boat and come quick. Those on shore answered them, and ran laughing down the river looking for the boat, and keeping along with the log. I now found that I must go at the old work, and my bristles began to rise."

"Come here," said one of 'em, beckoning to me. "Come quick, before the others come; I want your hair."

"What did he mean by that?" said one, who with the most fixed attention had been standing by eagerly devouring all that Earth had been telling.

"Why, he wanted to scalp me, but recollect, if you please, I have your vote too," said Earth, again pausing an instant, "That is five, no four. Well, when he called me to him to let him have my hair, I could'n't stand it any longer, but throwing up my rifle, blazed away; he jumped up like a buck, and fell splash in the water. My rifle made a mighty pretty noise, and I heard the report rolling away for miles up and down the river. As soon as I fired, the Ingens on the bank also screamed the war whoop, and the fellow on the log cried out to 'em to bring his gun. I jumped up and crawled at him, he gathered up an old limb and stood his ground. The first thing I knowed, he come down upon me all in a heap, breaking the old limb into a dozen pieces over my head and shoulders; it was a good thing for me that the limb wa'n't sound. His blow staggered me, but I soon rose up, and seizing my rifle with both hands brought him a side wipe with the barrel. As I did, he slipped off the log in the water, I then hit him another lick, and stooping quickly down, seized him by the head, as he tried to crawl up upon the log. I was now upon the log, and he in the water, so I had him at a disadvantage."

"Well, I kept bobbing his head under; when I first did it, the bubbles came up just like you were filling a bottle with water; you know, after a bottle is full, it won't bubble; well, I kept bobbing his head under until he would'n't bubble, so I concluded he was full of water, and then let him go; he went down to the bottom, and I never seed him any more."

"All was now quiet, for both Ingens had sunk, and I was master of the log; but I had yet another struggle to make, for I heard the Ingens on shore push off their boat, and seed the waters splash as they darted towards me. It was too late to load, and then I could kill but one; that would'n't do—no, the only hope was to hide; so I took out a string, and placing my rifle in the water, lashed it to the log. I then threw away my hat, and crawling as far as I could towards the small eend, eased myself gently down into the water, leaving nothing out but my head, and holding on with both hands by a small limb—another minute, and the canoe grated as it run up upon the log. The Ingens looked about and spoke to each other, but could see nothing; they then called their companions by name, but there was no answer. They were now very much distressed, and all got out upon the log, and began to walk about and examine it. When they came to the eend where I was, I sunk altogether, and it being the small end of the log, it began to sink, and the Ingens soon went back. I then threw my head back, and put my mouth out that I might breathe, just as a crippled duck sometimes does its bill. I made no noise, it was dark, they could not see me, and all went well. I heard them say 'they must have killed him,' and then that 'they are all gone;' they seemed very much distressed, wondered much at the whole affair, and none could explain it. After about fifteen minutes, they again stepped into their boat and pushed off. I waited until I could hear nothing of them, then crawled up upon the log, and as I did not wish to run any farther risk, I sat there till day-break."

"The sun was just about to rise, when the log which I was on washed up against the bank not far from where the Ohio empties into the Mississippi. I caught hold of some bushes, and pulling the log up alongside of the bank, unloos-

ed my rifle, and got out. I had been in the water so long that I was mighty weak, and I was shrivelled up, but as I began to stir about I felt better, and setting off, I went back up the river to where I started upon the log. The first thing I seed upon getting back, was old Jupe sitting on the bank waiting for me, at the very spot where the log had slipped off. The thing wanted to lick me all over, she was so glad to see me. I was then right tired, so I started off home, and in about a week or two, Jupe and I arrived there safe and sound, and that is the end of my story.'

"'Well, Earth,' said one of the company, 'you are all sorts of a looking crittur.'

"'Yes,' said Earth, 'I know that, I am ring striped, speckled and streaked, but I ain't thinking about that, I'm thinking about the votes. Now, gentlemen,' continued Earth, 'don't you think they ought to make me sheriff? I say, if Bob Black has floated farther on a log, killed more Ingens, or staid longer under the water than I have, elect him; if not, I say, what has he done to qualify him for the office of sheriff? I have killed more bears than Bob could eat if they were 'coons, and I have fou't some harder fights than Bob ever saw; now I say agin, tell me what has he done that he ought to be made sheriff. Did any of you ever know him to call for a quart? I never did; I have known him to call for several half pints in the course of a day, but I never did know him to step forward manfully, and say 'give us a quart of your best.' Then I say agin, what the hell has Bob Black done to qualify him for sheriff? Now, if you beat me, beat me with somebody, beat me with a man who knows something which ought to qualify him for sheriff, and not with Bob Black. Bob can't tell you this minute when a bear begins to suck his paws!' Then apparently disgusted with the character and acquirements of his competitor, Earth turned away to seek other company. As he did so, one of the group who had taken more than his proportion of a quart, staggered forward, and cried out 'hurrah for Earthquake, I tell you what, he's a squealer.'"

Madrid in 1835. By a Pension Officer, 2 vols. in one. New-York, Saunders & Otley.

A READABLE book, written in an easy and familiar style, and generally clear and vivacious in all its details. It consists chiefly of sketches of the metropolis of Spain, with descriptions of society and manners in the Peninsula; and though these are given with some attempts at wit which are not always in the best taste, and the style is often homely to a degree which gives one no very high idea of the writer's literary powers, yet they are always entertaining, and bear such an impress of reality that you are at once familiarized with his subjects of description. The work, which is well printed in the octavo form, is ornamented with two fine Mezzotinto engravings.

The Old World and the New. By the Rev. Orville Dewey, 2 vols. Harpers.

PROFESSOR DEWEY is no common traveller. Saving and excepting only the admirable work of Prince Puckler Muskau, this is the best book of travels in England that we can recall. We speak of England particularly; for, though the ordinary tour of Europe is comprehended in these pages, yet the most interesting and philosophical portion of them is devoted to that country. As we shall probably make this work the basis of a more extended paper hereafter, we will dismiss it now with a single extract, which describes a most interesting interview between the author and the poet Wordsworth.

"From Ambleside I took a pony and rode to Rydal Mount, the residence of Mr. W —.

"I was so much disappointed in the appearance of Mr. W — that I actually began to suspect that I had come to the cottage of one of his neighbours. After ten minutes' common-place talk about the weather, the travelling, &c., had passed, I determined to find out whether I was mistaken; and aware of his deep interest in the politics of England, I availed myself of some remark that was made, to introduce that subject. He immediately quit all common-place and went into the subject with a flow, a flood almost, of conversation, that soon left me in no doubt. After this had gone on an hour or two, wishing to change the theme, I took occasion of a pause to observe that in this great political agitation, poetry seemed to have died out entirely. He said it had; but that was not the only cause; for there had been, as he thought, some years ago, an over-production and a surfeit.

"Mr. W — converses with great earnestness, and has a habit, as he walks and talks, of stopping every fourth or fifth step, and turning round to you to enforce what he is saying. The subjects, the first evening I passed with him, were, as I have said, politics and poetry. He remarked afterward, that although he was known to the world only as a poet, he had given twelve hours thought to the condition and prospects of society, for one to poetry. I replied that there appeared to me to be no contradiction in this, since the spirit of poetry is the spirit of humanity — since sympathy with humanity, and with all its fortunes, is an essential characteristic of poetry — and politics is one of the grandest forms under which the welfare of the human race presents itself.

"In politics Mr. W — professes to be a reformer, but upon the most deliberate plan and gradual scale; and he indulges in the most indignant and yet argumentative diatribes against the present course of things in England, and in the saddest forebodings of what is to come. The tide is beating now against aristocracy and an established religion, and if it prevails, anarchy and irreligion must follow. He will see no other result; he has no confidence in the people; they are not fit to govern themselves — not yet certainly; public opinion, the foolish opinion of the depraved, ignorant, and conceited mass, ought not to be the law; it ought not to be expressed in laws; it ought not to be represented in government; the true representative government should represent the *mind* of a country, and that is not found in the mass, nor is it to be expressed by universal suffrage. Mr. W — constantly protested against the example of America — as not being in point. He insisted that the state of society, the crowded population, the urgency of want, the tenures of property in England, made a totally different case from ours. He seemed evidently to admit, though he did not in terms, that hereditary rank and an established priesthood are indefensible in the broadest views of human rights and interests; but the argument for them is, that they cannot be removed without opening the door to greater evils — to the unrestrained license of the multitude — to incessant change, disorder, uncertainty, and finally to oppression and tyranny. He says the world is running mad with the notion that all its evils are to be relieved by political changes, political remedies, political nostrums; whereas the great evils, sin, bondage, misery, lie deep in the heart, and nothing but virtue and religion can remove them; and upon the value, and preciousness, and indispensableness of religion, indeed, he talked very sagely, earnestly, and devoutly.

"The next evening I went to tea to Mr. W —'s, on a hospitable invitation to come to breakfast, dinner, or tea, as I liked. The conversation very soon again ran upon politics. He thought there could be no independence in legislators who were dependant for their places upon the ever-wavering breath of popular opinion, and he wanted my opinion about the fact in our country. I replied that as a secluded man and accustomed to look at the *morale* of these matters, I certainly had felt that there was likely to be, and probably was, a great want of independence; that I had often expressed the apprehension that our distinguished men were almost necessarily acting under biasses that did not permit them to sit down in their closets and examine great political questions and measures in a fair and philosophical spirit. Then, he said, how can there be any safety? I answered as I had frequently said before, that our only safety lay in making the people wise: but I added, that our practical politicians were accustomed to say, that there was a principle of safety in our conflicts, in the necessarily conflicting opinions of the mass — that they neutralized and balanced each other. I admitted, however, that there was danger; that all popular institutions involved danger; that freedom was a trust, and a perilous trust. Still I insisted that this

was only an instance of a general principle; that all probation was perilous; that the greatest opportunity was always the greatest peril. I maintained, also, that, think as we might of political liberty, there was no helping it; that in the civilized world, the course of opinion was irresistibly setting towards universal education and popular forms of government; and nothing was to be done but to direct, modify, and control the tendency. He fully admitted this; said that in other centuries some glorious results might be brought out, but that he saw nothing but darkness, disorder, and misery in the immediate prospect, and that all he could do was to cast himself on Providence. I ventured to suggest that it seemed to me that all good and wise men had a work to do. I said that I admitted, friend to popular institutions as I was, that the world was full of errors about liberty; that there was a mistake and madness about popular freedom, as if it were the grand panacea for all human ills, and that powerful pens were needed to guide the public mind; and that the pen of genius could scarcely be more nobly employed. But he has no confidence in the body of the people, in their willingness to read what is wholesome, or to do what is right; and this, I took the liberty to say, seemed to me the radical point on which he and I differed. I told him that there were large communities in America in whom I did confide, and that I believed other communities might be raised up to the same condition; and that it appeared to me that it should be the grand effort of the world now, to raise up this mass of knowledge, to comfort, and virtue; since the mass was evidently ere long to rule for us.

"After this conversation, Mr. W—— proposed a walk to Grassmere Lake, to see it after sunset; and in that loveliest of all the scenes I ever witnessed on earth, were lost all thoughts but of religion and poetry. I could not help saying, with fervent sincerity, "I thank you, sir, for bringing me here at this hour;" for he had evidently taken some pains, pushing aside some little interferences with his purpose, to accomplish it. He said in reply, that so impressive was the scene to him, that he felt almost as if it were a sin not to come here every fair evening. We sat by the shore half an hour, and talked of themes far removed from the strife of politics. The village on the opposite side lay in deep shadow; from which the tower of the church rose, like heaven's sentinel on the gates of evening. A single taper shot its solitary ray across the waters. The little lake lay hushed in deep and solemn repose. Not a sound was heard upon its shore. The fading light trembled upon the bosom of the waters, which were here slightly ruffled, and there lay as a mirror to reflect the serenity of heaven. The dark mountains lay beyond, with every varying shade that varying distance could give them. The farthest ridges were sowed with light, as if it were resolved into separate particles and showered down into the darkness below, to make it visible. The mountain side had a softness of shadowing upon it, such as I never saw before, and such as no painting I ever saw approached in the remotest degree. It seemed, Mr. W—— said, as if it were "*clothed with the air.*" Above all, was the clear sky, looking almost cold, it looked so pure, along the horizon; but warmed in the region a little higher, with the vermilion tints of the softest sunset. I am persuaded that the world might be travelled over without the sight of one such spectacle as this; and all owing to the circumstances — the time, the hour. It was perhaps not the least of those circumstances influencing the scene, that it was an hour, passed in one of his own holy retreats, with Wordsworth!

Story without an End. With woodcuts, after the designs of Harvey. Monroe & Francis, Boston.

THE world has grown so unpoetical, that the medium of communication, which was originally the breath of feeling, as it arose, and which seized all sensual objects whereby to symbolize the spirit within — we mean language — has almost ceased to be understood. And not only the emblematic character of language has died out of it — but Nature has ceased to be emblematic. Because Science has opened it to the understanding, it has been forgotten that it lies open

to the heart also; and that its teachings of this part of our nature are infinitely the most important.

The "Story without an End" is a beautiful attempt of Genius to bring back the poetical aspect of Nature, and to show how adapted it is to unfold the soul of Childhood in all its faculties. It suggests many grave thoughts also to the Adult. It reveals, in strong contrast, the unnaturalness of those strong circumstances which are thrown round the opening years of most children. It bids us go back, and ask of our own early life, what was the story told to it; and how that story has probably affected our subsequent experience. It opens the door of Thought so gently, that even the effeminate and indolent are tempted to go over the spiritual threshold.

The Physiology of Digestion considered with relation to the Principles of Dietetics. By Andrew Combe, M. D. 1 vol. No. 3. Howe & Bates.

THIS is an excellent little work. Utility and not novelty has been the object which its writer has kept faithfully before him; although many of the facts from which he has deduced a practical information are presented by him in a new point of view. The singularly interesting experiments of Dr. Beaumont of the U. S. army upon the stomach of a living subject form the basis of Dr. Combe's most valuable observations; and we are gratified at perceiving that the labors of our ingenious countryman are so highly prized by one of the first physiologists of Europe. We can recommend the volume as both curious and instructive.

Miscellanies. By Harriet Martineau. In 2 volumes. Published by Hilliard, Gray, & Co.

WE have delayed longer than we ought to notice these volumes. They afford much to interest the friends of Miss Martineau. The Sabbath Musings are of a character of thought much superior to that of most devotional essays of modern times; connecting the idea of social progress, with the highest worship, and being true psychological experiences. Several essays on the practical discipline of the character, such as the wise culture of the Retrospective and Prospective faculties, and the reciprocal influence of habits and feelings, &c., are valuable practical aids. Her stories, also, are characteristic; which is saying much for them. Scarcely a writer of fiction has shown greater power with simple incidents than Miss Martineau. Every one of her characters is an individual. Liese is a very interesting one.

But the glory of these volumes are the Essays on Sir Walter Scott. These are truly magnificent; they are worthy of their subject. His warmest admirers must be entirely satisfied with what Miss M. awards him; and the remarks upon the fields that he has left untouched by his magic wand, are calculated to have the most stimulating effect upon philanthropical genius.

We are happy to take an opportunity to express our respect for Miss Martineau. She is not among the strangers whom we have treated with an excess of hospitality. Indeed, she did not seem to be allowed, while in some parts of the

country, the usual privileges of locomotion.* And we hardly have words to express our sense of indignation at the manner in which she was treated in Boston for going to the Female Anti-Slavery meeting. What should we say, if in visiting Europe, we had curiosity to attend a meeting of the St. Simonians, or of any other Society, with which the majority of the people could not sympathise, and were prevented by such kind of persecution? Should we not come home crying out against the despotism of Europe? We must take care and not let our numerical capacity imitate the vices of the sovereigns to whom we have opposed ourselves. Despotism is violation of the Rights of Individuals, wherever it seats itself; whether in the heart of a single man, or of a few men who are as one, or of a multitude acting as one.

There seldom has come a European among us better qualified to appreciate and sympathise with our institutions than Miss Martineau. There surely never has been one among us who has been treated with less courtesy. In excuse for our conduct concerning her attending the meeting, &c., it is said: "But we have been so cheated and over-reached by foreigners; we have paid every attention to so many, and they have so abused us!" *That* rests with the ungrateful, who have done it. Because some have proved themselves no gentlemen, as we courteously thought them, are we going to become bores to all subsequent travellers? Especially are we going to punish the Halls and Hamiltons in the person of a fair and gifted country-woman, who happens to time her journey immediately after them? We trust that Miss Martineau will believe that there are multitudes whom she does not know, that have felt indignant for her sake.

A Year in Spain. By a Young American, third edition, 3 vols. Harpers.

THE two first volumes of this work have been now several years before the public. And though they gradually at first won their way into notice, they have now been stamped with an approval which places them among the permanent literature of the country. There has been no extravagant puffing, no pseudo-fashionable claims set up for them, no disgusting attempts to foist a prolific and promising writer into the same rank with Washington Irving and other established models of literature; but, approved by the judicious and cultivated, and read and admired by all, they have made their place for themselves, and established the fame of the writer upon a firm and independent basis.

The third volume, which is now for the first time given to the public, was written at the same time with the rest of the work, but withheld from publication from motives of modesty, which always accompanies real merit. The writer feared to fatigue his readers in the first instance, by making his work too long; and an under-valuation of his early writings seems to have prompted the withholding this portion of them upon a call for a second edition. The volume which is devoted to Grenada, the most romantic portion of romantic Spain, is, we hesitate not to say, the most delightful part of the work; and in point of style as well as agreeableness, fully worthy of being embodied with the original publication.

* During her stay in Salem, she attended a meeting held by the Colonization Society, and was so insulted on that account by a female abolitionist, whom she met in company, that the friends of the latter felt bound to make an apology for her.

*Thirty Years ago, or the Memoirs of a Water Drinker. In 2 Vols.
12mo. Bancroft & Holley.*

MR. DUNLAP, the respected author of these volumes, has done much toward the literature of his country, both by his original contributions to its slender stock, and by the various materials which are embodied in his writings for forming a future history of its early growth. His best days have been thrown amid times and scenes rife with character and incident; and he possesses a happy faculty of calling up his recollections, and presenting them to his readers as readily as if they were at the moment passing before his eyes. The present work will doubtless be read with much interest by those who have recollections of thirty years since, which may be refreshed by it; and more than one writer of fiction, who wishes to give *vraisemblance* to his descriptions of past times, will hereafter resort to the pages of a *Water Drinker* for the accessories of his scenes. It is for this reason that, without delaying longer upon the general contents of a book which we understand is already so widely circulated that it is useless to give a more particular account of it—we would here call attention to some of its details, which may grossly mislead the reader. We allude particularly to the attack—for we can call it by no other name—which Mr. Dunlap has so unaccountably made upon the memory of one of the most distinguished general officers of the Revolution. The sarcasm which he puts into the mouth of Cooke, the tragedian, against Brigadier General Lord Stirling, is characteristic and fairly admissible. An Englishman has a prescriptive right to sneer at every thing American, and it is only making him talk in character to do so. But the observations made by his fabulous personage, the Yankee soldier, in which the author must be supposed to speak either his own sentiments or to represent those of this soldier's comrades, are a libel upon the character of Lord Stirling, both as an individual and a general. The first of these observations is, that the Americans had no business to have any noblemen in their service; a remark sufficiently absurd in itself, but rendered more so, when it is remembered that the censure implied by it applies with equal force to La Fayette, Steuben, De Kalb, and many others, who were all foreigners. But, as it happens, General Stirling, though "a lord," was no foreigner. His father, James Alexander, emigrated to this country early in life, and was for a long time Surveyor General of the Province of New-York. He was also one of the Council of the Province, and still more distinguished for being, at the same time, the valued correspondent of Flamstead and Halley, who were at that time engaged in their astronomical researches at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, and the acknowledged head of the Bar in New-York. During his lifetime, his cousin, the Earl of Stirling, died without male issue, and the title devolved upon him. But having, in the Rebellion of 1715, taken part with the exiled House of Stuart, and having on that account left his native country, he never assumed nor claimed the title.

Upon his death, the future American General went to England upon public business, and while there was informed by the husbands of the two daughters left by the then late Lord Stirling, that there were among the family papers documents relating to the claim of the Earl of Stirling to certain parts of Nova Scotia, and other territories situated in the present State of Maine, which, as the title to those lands were limited to the male heirs, they conceived it to be their duty to deliver to him, and were ready to do so if he claimed the earldom, and were actually *served*, as it is termed in the Scottish law, the best heir to the deceased Earl. This was done, and Mr. Alexander never assumed the title till it was done. After thus proving his title to the Earldom, he attended at an election of Representative peers

for Scotland, which was held during his residence in that country ; and his vote was actually received, after being contested by the political party to which he was opposed, and against whose candidate it was known to be his intention to vote. Nor was his right ever afterwards questioned, until he took the side of his native country against the crown and parliament of Great Britain. Indeed, up to the very moment of the rupture, it was always, as a matter of course, conceded to him by Chatham, Charles Townsend, and other distinguished statesmen, with whom Lord Stirling corresponded upon American affairs. These facts may seem trivial, but our object in advancing them is to rescue the character of a distinguished Revolutionary worthy from the charge of meanness and falsehood in assuming a title to which he had no claim.

The military career of Lord Stirling will, we presume, be commemorated hereafter in Sparks' Biography ; and if Mr. Dunlap knows nothing of it from Marshall's Life of Washington or Sedgwick's Life of Livingston, we would recommend him to the perusal of the invaluable correspondence lately published by Mr. Sparks, where he will find the best of all testimony to Lord Stirling's services in the words of Washington himself.

The military character of Lord Stirling was formed in the same school which gave so many able general officers to the army of the Revolution, viz., in the French War of 1756-62. In this war, General Stirling served as a regimental officer, and afterwards as military secretary and aid-de-camp to Lord Loudon and General Shirley, under which last command he was eventually at the head of the Commissariat. The breaking out of the Revolutionary war found him in possession of a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars, with claims to an immense amount upon the colonies of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, which of course became valueless the moment he espoused the patriotic party. This, however, did not weigh a feather with the Earl of Stirling in choosing his side. He went for the land of his birth, and literally embarked his life and fortune in the cause for which she was struggling, and as literally lost them both, though the cause in which they were sacrificed prevailed.

In the year 1775 he was appointed to the command of the first Continental regiment that was raised in New Jersey, and had the distinction of receiving one of the first votes granted by Congress for the successful result of a daring enterprise, projected by him, and accomplished by his embarking with a detachment of his regiment from Elizabethtown, and proceeding in three small unarmed vessels to the outside of Sandy Hook, whilst the Asia man-of-war, with her tender, lay in the bay of New-York, and capturing a transport ship of three hundred tons, armed with six guns, and freighted with stores for the British army. At the landing of the British forces on Long Island, Lord Stirling commanded the right wing of the American army, and by a successful attack upon the British left, defeated their design to cross at Brooklyn Ferry, and thereby afforded a more favorable opportunity to the commander-in-chief to withdraw his troops and remove his artillery, baggage, and military stores from New-York, and enabled such of the inhabitants of that city as were well affected to their country to retire with such of their property as could be transported to places of greater security. From the unavoidable retreat of the centre, however, and the subsequent dispersion of the left wing of the army on Long Island before a superior force, Lord Stirling was overpowered by numbers, surrounded by the victorious enemy, and sent a prisoner on board their fleet ; but an exchange being speedily effected through the solicitude of Washington to regain his services in the field, he afterwards accompanied the commander-in-chief in his memorable retreat through New Jersey, and in the subsequent scenes of the perilous campaign of 1776-'7. Early in '77, when the British marched out in force from Perth Amboy,

intending, as it was supposed, to break up the winter quarters of the American army at Morristown, Lord Stirling put himself at the head of the few regular troops upon the lines, encountered the advance of the British forces with determined gallantry, and at length, when compelled by superior numbers to retire, he took so advantageous a position as to check the progress of the enemy, and frustrate their design. Nor were his patriotism and his abilities less conspicuous upon other occasions. In the battles of the Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, he sustained a prominent and efficient part, and it was his singular good fortune in the course of the war at different periods to have commanded every brigade in the American army, except those of South Carolina and Georgia; while from the commencement to the end of his military career he enjoyed the undeviating friendship and confidence of Washington, and the uniform approbation of Congress. The journals of the latter,* bear witness in high eulogy to the public feeling with which the news of his death was received; and we regret that our limits will not allow us to copy here the touching letter of condolence to his widow, in which the commander-in-chief pays such a noble tribute to the person and character of the deceased Earl of Stirling.

The fame of such men are the property of the country; and writers of fiction should be careful how they tamper with a possession which every American has an interest in defending.

Surgery Illustrated. By A. Sidney Doane, A. M., M. D. 1 vol. 8vo. Harpers.

THIS work is a compilation from the writings of Cutler, Hind, Velpeau, and Blasius; the avowed aim of the author being utility rather than originality. It is beautifully printed, and is illustrated with fifty-two plates, which are exceedingly well executed, and appear to have been selected with judgment from the different works of celebrity which Dr. Doane has laid under contribution. A discriminating compilation of facts, so well illustrated as this, is worth more, we should think, to the actual practitioner, than a whole library of books of theory.

* See Jour. of Cong. 25 Jan. 1783.

† See Spark's Correspondence of Washington.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

THE National Gazette announces that James Pedder, Esq., the agent of the "Beet Root Sugar Society," dispatched from this country by Messrs. Vaughan, Ronaldson, & Snider, in February last, and who has been four months in France acquiring information relative to the culture of the Sugar Beet and Manufacture of Sugar, has returned. From Mr. Pedder's assiduity, industry and peculiar fitness for the performance of the object for which he was commissioned, we are sure (it adds) that the individuals who have, through his agency, undertaken to introduce this valuable branch of agriculture and manufacture into the United States, will have great cause to rejoice, and that the country will be much benefited by the information which he possesses.

PHENOMENON. Between 10 and 11 o'clock on the night of the 28th ult. a meteoric mass, weighing about six pounds, descended near the house of Mrs. Roswell Roath, in this town, accompanied by a bright luminous train, and producing a concussion so loud as to awaken several of the family. It is apparently a flake from a larger body, and is composed of small smooth stones, similar to those found on the seashore, matted closely and firmly together in a mixture of sand and a glutinous substance of the color and consistence of thick tar. The side where it is supposed to have split off from the larger body looks like melted sand or stone, and is quite solid; and some of the small stones on the outside are discolored, as though by the heat of a blaze. There seems to have been some attractive power by which the small stones were drawn together, as they all shape to a certain point, and are as nicely packed as the pavings of a street. Several smaller particles of the same substance were found around the house the next day, and the whole are now in possession of Doctor B. T. Roath.—*Norwich (Con.) Courier.*

BUSINESS OF LAKE ERIE.—The following is from the Erie Observer of August 1st:

"Some idea may be formed of the amount of business done on Lake Erie, from the fact that there has scarce-

ly been a time, this season, unless during a gale or immediately after one, when there have not been a greater or less number of vessels and steamboats under way within sight of this town. We are in the habit of visiting the bank of the lake almost daily when at home, and have not seen such a time ourself. Generally we can count from ten to fifteen, and have counted thirty-one in sight at the same time, when standing upon the bank, and where nearly one half of the lake within the horizon was hidden from the view by the Peninsula. On one day last week thirty-six sail of vessels were in view at the same time, all moving majestically through the water, before as fine a breeze as Neptune himself could invent. The sight was a proud one for an American to contemplate. The number of vessels now employed upon Lake Erie must nearly equal, if it does not exceed, three hundred."

IMPROVEMENT IN IRELAND.—A very important, and to those who are anxious for the improvement of Ireland, a very interesting meeting, was held at the Mansion House lately, which had for its object the reclamation of Loch Neagh and its rivers, situated in the best part of the Province of Ulster, which has been not only useless for all the purposes of trade and navigation, but in winter rises to such a height as to overflow and drown 15,000 acres of meadow land, and to prevent the reclamation of 65,000 acres of bog.—*Dublin Paper.*

THE grand railroad from Ogdensburgh to the waters of Lake Champlain, will, it is said, strike that lake near to Rouse's Point, and immediately within the American line. The distance between Ogdensburgh and Montreal, by adopting this line, the lake boats and the St. Johns' railroad is estimated as being but twenty-two miles greater than the present route, but the trip may be effected with a saving of twenty-five hours and two thirds of the expense! This will enable the Americans along Lake Ontario to take their produce to Rouse's Point, and, as circumstances permit, to avail themselves of a choice of market at New-York or Montreal.

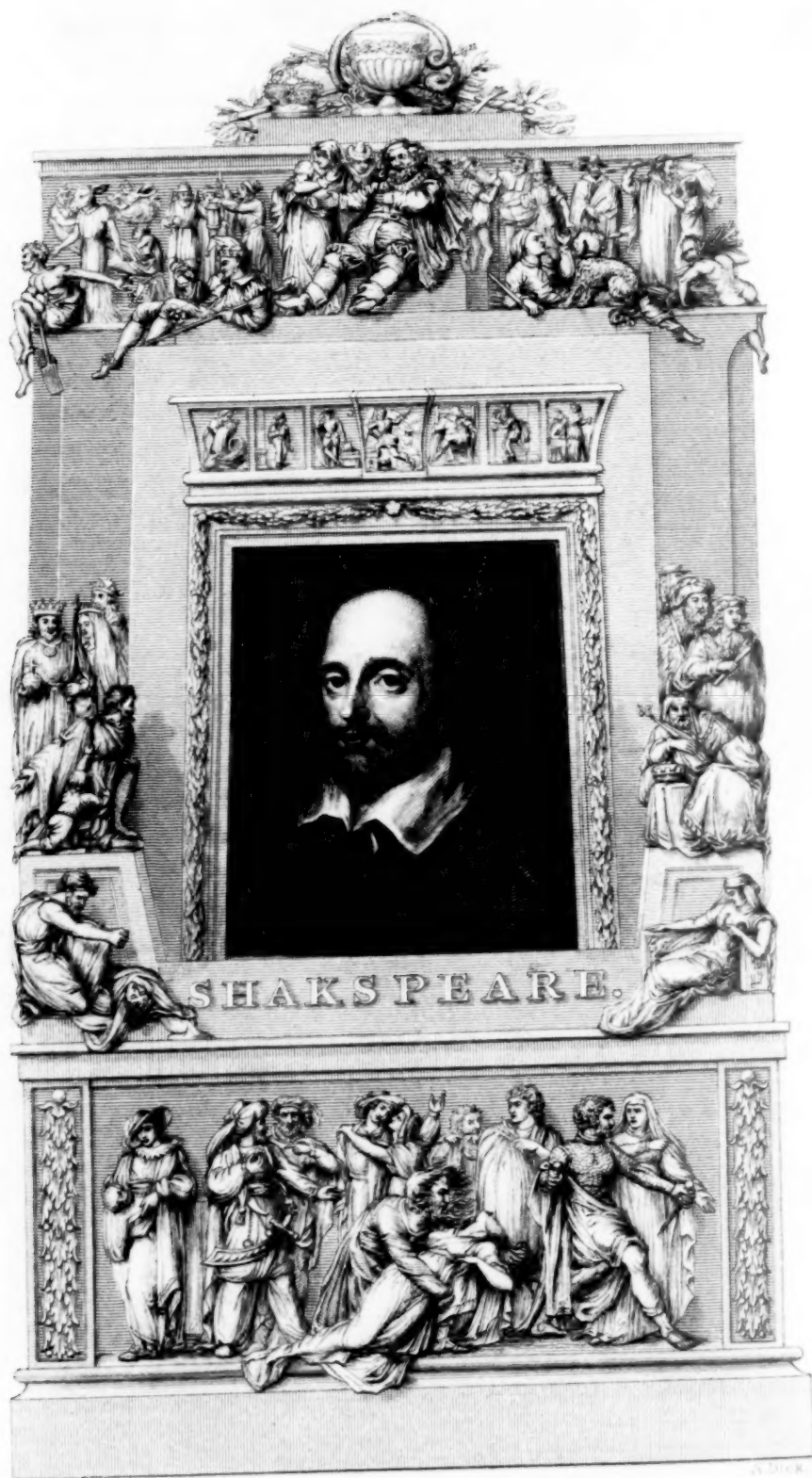
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